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COMPLAINING OF OUR TOOLS.

FIFTY years hence the historian of the events of to-day will note few things more significant than our love of change—unless, indeed, that love of change will in that half century have developed into a veritable obsession—which is not improbable. Facility of change—of scene, of domicile, of country, of allegiance, of opinion, of creed, of constitution—has made change seem almost the normal condition of humanity; all the more so as a change in the last can be brought about almost as easily as a change in the first, instead of being, as it was in the last century, the result of revolution, and in the century before, of civil war. Even fifty years ago, to remove an impost on corn required a national clamour continued for years. To-day, to lay a prohibitive tariff on five hundred commodities requires but a general election. Given a parliament for every province, and a council for every parish, naturally legislation marches apace—whether its path be progressive, that the historian of 1947 must decide—if he can.

Not much more than one hundred years ago the key-stone of the old fabric of society fell, and of the ruins society has been trying ever since to

build itself a new edifice. Of the ruins; that is what so many forget: the old masonry does not fit the new mansion. Yet other material there is none. America, ever rushing in where others feared to tread, set the fashion, and did her best with her astounding specification anent the equality of man. France followed, and succeeded in substituting for the rule of a tyrannical monarch the rule of a tyrannical mob. England, always hastening slowly, brought up the rear with the gift of votes to those unlearned in voting. Doubtless by all three changes much was gained; but nothing so much as the knowledge that demolition was easy. There are who think we are now beginning to learn that edification is difficult. Here, at all events, began the era of change and of that dissatisfaction with the means at our command proverbially attributed to the unworthy workman.

We quarrel too much with our tools. It is so easy to try new tools that we are too much tempted to try them—with the result that no tools satisfy us, and we clamour for those never yet made by man—and perhaps unmakeable. For example:

The socialistic demagogue, wearied with his daily toil, exasperated per-

haps by the sight of riches as wastefully squandered as dishonestly gained, clamours for confiscation of property, vainly imagining that new wealth—new tools—will confer new powers. My dear sir, were the millionaires impoverished by act of parliament tomorrow, who would be the wealthy the day after, or the few days after? The millionaires. They know the trick; you do not. No tools would ever enrich you or me. To make money requires perhaps as great a talent as to make a name. May not those who have it use it? Besides, if you insist on confiscation of property, must not your own be thrown into the pot? You say you have none. Surely then you have no say in the matter. First make your fortune, then enforce your tenet, and we will listen to you. But, after all, what his capital is to the millionaire your skill and your labour are to you. On your own showing you should be mulcted in these. Wherefore, thou, be wise, and, instead of clamouring for new tools, new systems and new institutions,—the nationalization of land, the confiscation of rent, a single tax, state-proprietorship of plant and products, universal suffrage, old-age pensions, total prohibition, female franchise, the payment of members, an eight-hours' day, inconvertible currency, legalized repudiation, a fixed rate of wages, and what not, see that your tools are sharp and go about your business. "Courage, brother!" as Carlyle says, "grow honest and times will mend!" I warrant you your honesty will prove a better whetstone than your clamour. Surely good workmanship is a thing to-day sadly lacking, if even our politicians think it incumbent on them every session to manufacture new tools for the fabrication of the State. Is no one to be allowed to work for more than so many hours a day, if his strength permits it and his family requires it? And is the weak but willing worker to be turned off because he cannot do in eight hours what his more stalwart fellow-workman can?—which would be the inevitable result of such measure. Are you and I and

our next-door neighbour to pay the pensions of our friends the day-labourers across the street, in order that these may be relieved of the necessity of prevision and thrift? If so, it strikes me that we shall cut down our friends' daily wages out of which to pay them—a retaliatory scheme perhaps our friends did not think of. And what about pensions for you and me? Will the day-labourers return the compliment? I trow not. Because Smith takes a glass too much, is Jones to have none? If male voters can hardly steer the ship aright, would women at the helm be a help? If unpaid membership scarcely preserves the House from rowdies, would a sessional allowance purge it? If five hundred thousand electors do not know their own minds, would a million know it better? Does any sane man think a tax on land-values would enrich the indolent, or state-proprietorship of products do away with dishonesty?

There is a lesson that has still to be learned, to be learned by heart, as much by the day-labourer over the way as by the millionaire that employs him, and it is this: The happiness of a nation is not necessarily the outcome of its material prosperity. As a matter of fact, so far is national greatness from being identical with material prosperity, that only the sturdiest nations can safely stand much of the latter without losing something of the former. Greece fell when by Alexander she was brought into too close contact with the sensuous luxury of the East. Rome declined when her tributary provinces poured their wealth into her lap. It is when the mob get their *panis* free that nothing will satisfy them but *circenses*. When Jeshurun waxed fat, he kicked. Opulence is no spur to effort. The opulent live at home at ease, satisfied with their two and three-quarters per cent.; the needy emigrate and make sixty or an hundred-fold. That prayer of Socrates for only "so much gold as the temperate can bear and carry," should be graven in every guild. Who have been the conquerors of the world? Rarely the potentate

rolling in wealth. It is the hungry and homeless horde that devours all before it: the Aryan excursionists; the Huns and Vandals and Goths; the Saxons, the Danes, and the Jutes; lastly the Anglo-Saxons and Kelts, who are making new nations over sea.

If the healthiest bodies and the happiest minds are those working hardest, does not the same hold good with regard to nations? Perhaps the sanest man was that indefatigable athlete who walked his five thousand miles in five thousand hours, or performed some such astonishing feat. Certainly he was medically examined, and the doctors declared him well as well could be; every organ, they said, was working to its fullest extent, and, *therefore*, was in perfect health—a medical opinion that carries with it a magnificent maxim. Perhaps not work only, but struggle, is the law of life; if indeed work is anything else but struggle. Evolution, they tell us, is the outcome of the struggle for existence. To obtain food, where there are more eaters than products, the eaters must fight. They must fight, too, against nature for very life. And they must fight for their mates. It seems to be one long contest of the individual *versus* the race. The result, up to the present, is Man. Suppose the Protozoa had not toiled? Man would not have been—plainly, according to the evolutionists. But quite plainly, too, the toil is not yet at an end. Some creature may ask that same question of Man some time hence within the ten million years that Professor Langley gives our planet to live.

This fight of the individual against the race is a sore problem. The individual, apparently, must be sacrificed that the race may advance. But what of the individual? Is it just that the weakest should go to the wall, if the weakness is not due to individual delinquency? The orthodox, positing an All-Wise and All-Good, and feeling with Plato that the idea of "God being the author of evil to any one is to be strenuously denied," think they are bound to explain the aspersions,

and they do it by saying that all suffering is merited. That surely would be difficult to prove. Brutes are not under the ban of original sin, even if babies are. Theirs is an escape from pessimism by a pessimism still more deep, from a worst of all possible worlds to a worst of all possible gods. We must acquiesce in ignorance. Either our ideas of justice are wrong, and human reason is finite and fallible, or the individual counts for little or nothing. Certainly in mundane matters many enough, the individual counts for little enough. A single Napoleonic brain will sacrifice half a million Frenchmen for a single idea. If the individual's interests were always and wholly to be considered, what could be achieved? Nothing. And yet, too, on the other hand, if the individual's interests were never to be considered, what could be achieved? Nothing also. In other words, if no individual life were to be endangered, no enterprise could be undertaken; if individual lives were valueless, ambition would outrun itself. The former course would land us in absolute immobility; the latter in infinite velocity. Social progress, then, it seems, must be governed by a compromise between the unit and the multitude. The curve is a cross between a straight line and a circle; like so many of its analogues in the external world the path is a conic section—perhaps in the case of humanity at present a parabola, ever midway between the *focus* of the individual and the *directrix* of the race. The ideal path is probably rectilinear. That will be when all the fixed points are coincident with the infinite line, when, in Mr. Herbert Spencer's words, man will be "so constituted that while fulfilling his own desires he fulfils also the social needs."^{*} This, the history of society seems to prove. In antiquity the masses were, and to-day in savagedom they are, nothing and less than nothing: human life was held but as a pawn, whole towns were put to the sword, the slave was the chattel of his master. The path of rule then was

^{*}"The Principles of Sociology," Vol. III., ch. xxiv.

the circle of the chief. In the Middle Age the masses were little better; whole peoples were serfs, and regarded as little else than mechanical tillers of the soil, veritable agricultural implements, to be utilized for the aggrandizement of the lord of the manor. The path of rule then might be described as elliptical (a conic section still), the two *foci* being the king and the barons. To-day . . . what a change. To-day the masses rule, and every individual among them either has or wants a say in that rule. Broadly speaking, the history of government has been this: First, chief *versus* chief; which was settled by intertribal war. Second, chief *versus* people; which was settled by revolution. Third, collections of people *versus* collections of people, *i.e.*, party *versus* party; which was settled by majorities. The fourth stage is that upon which we are now entering, and it seems to be that of individual *versus* individual; for everybody possesses the right of private judgment; everybody has an opinion on the affairs of the country; and everybody demands a right to record it at the polls. How this stage is going to be settled, who can tell? The chief is helpless, the people are divided, parties are split up, and majorities are merely temporary coalitions of faction. Perhaps we have nearly attained full cycle, and shall again begin with chief *versus* chief, which, after all, may not mean retrogression. In a multitude of counsellors there may be safety; in a multitude of leaders there certainly is not guidance. The State, we used to think, was a thing stable. Where it is merely a heap of fluctuating molecules it should change its name.

But this is a long enough digression from tools, workmanship, and work. To go back. Good workmanship is the result of hard work, of work pushed to the verge of suffering, of effort, of struggle. It is not a world of beauty and harmony, this; or rather, the beauty and harmony of the world are the outcome, as all beauty and harmony are, of conflicting elements. Not a thing exists that is not the result of

conflict. Inertia means non-existence. Absolute repose is inconceivable. Rest is merely recuperation, an active regeneration of exhausted material. The rock grows by crystallic accretion; the soil by the detritus of the rock; the plant by absorption from the soil; the animal by assimilation from plant or other animal; and, if we go a step higher, the mind of man by that battle with circumstance which we call experience, and that clash with other minds — whether contemporaneous (through converse) or antiquated (through books)—which we call knowledge; the soul, the moral nature of man, by its fight with the senses, its trampling on self, and also by its sympathy with others, its sharing of others' interests, its bearing of others' burdens. And if the crystal stops growing, it crumbles away; if the tree, it withers; if the animal, it ages; if the mind, it atrophies; if the soul, it dwindles, becomes hard and miserly. A spiritual law runs through the natural world. We are accustomed to think rest is the law, motion the exception. On the contrary, it is immobility that is the impossibility. Solar systems are kept in place by planets speeding round their suns; and according to the physicists there is a similar whirligig going on in every molecule of matter—a myriad in the full-stop at the end of this sentence. But this doctrine of continuous motion and conflict is old as the hills; its first seed, in its purely physical aspect, was sown at Ephesus by Heraclitus, who clearly saw not only that "All things are in a flux," but also that "Strife is the father of all;" it blossomed in Palestine in its deeply moral aspect, in the sentence, "He that loseth his life shall find it."

The mistake common to all the bad socialistic workmen who complain so loudly of their tools is that they think conflict and effort—with their concomitant, suffering—are due to the system, and that if we could alter the system we should eliminate the evil. Has our system, then, been thrust upon us by outsiders? On the contrary, it is of our own making, the outcome of our

history, our climate, our ethnical character. It is an organic growth, and could no more be changed by Act of Parliament than could our oaks. Oaks may be sown or felled; never constructed. Who really thinks we could tomorrow appropriate all the land, all the stock, all the manufactories, and make the State the sole owner of productive property? What nonsense it sounds! What is the State but the people? Or if by "The State" is meant the people's representatives, I should like to ask what sort of managing directors our squabbling members of Parliament would make. Or fancy the delegates to last year's Chicago convention "running," as they would say, the entire industries of a nation! But really as to what is meant by the State being the universal landlord it is madness to try even to conceive. Think of the insecurity of title with a fresh government every few years. And if universal landlord, I suppose universal manufacturer, purveyor, distributor, feeder. It would be a small matter to throw in a universal *crèche* also. This last would solve not a few matrimonial and other problems; and, if woman suffrage some day adds a maternal side to the present paternal government to which democracy seems so addicted, may be quite within the bounds of measurable probability.

No! the sooner we face the fact that outward and systematic reform in society is of little practical avail so long as the methods and aims of the individuals composing society remain unsound, the better. This is the grand beauty of religion—of true religion as distinct from mere ecclesiastical creed—as compared with false socialism. Religion tries to reform the inner man by giving him new springs of action; socialism tries to reform the outer man by giving him new surroundings. Religion, true religion, thinks man can be good and moderately happy, whatever his surroundings; socialism bends all its efforts to the surroundings, and pays no attention to morality. Religion regards his spiritual welfare, knowing that if the soul is sane, all things work together

for his good; socialism regards only his material welfare, and fondly thinks that if the pocket is full the man will be happy. Religion urges upon him a change of heart; socialism recommends him a change of landlord. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," says religion; "Seek ye first the confiscation of unearned increment," says socialism. What sublime folly. Has Christianity flourished for some two thousand years with no other effect than that people may go about preaching the doctrine that man's greed and avarice and indolence and improvidence and thriftlessness and shiftlessness can be remedied, eliminated, actually expugned, by a change in the incidence of a tax or a new theory of rent?

You think I am romancing? Listen to this:

"What I, therefore, propose, as the simple yet sovereign remedy, which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whosoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals and taste and intelligence, purify government, and carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is—to appropriate rent by taxation."^{*}

And this:

"It is within the power of the people of Great Britain, in a few short hours, to make so great a change that poverty as we know it to-day shall be banished from the land forever."[†]

I am quite aware that there is an important *caveat* to be entered here. What, doubtless, both Mr. Henry George and Tom Mann have in their minds is the enforced idleness, the depression of trade, the exigencies of unnaturally keen competition, which are some, and some of the most pressing, causes of hardship and poverty. If so, let them set their minds to devising some practical and practicable measures for the amelioration of this condition of things, not shout meaningless and misleading rodomontade. The farmer, for example, is to-day in really dire distress, and likely to be in direr still unless

^{*}Henry George, "Progress and Poverty," Bk. VIII., Ch. ii. The italics are Mr. George's.

[†]Tom Mann, in a public speech, quoted by Mr. Charles Ford in the "Westminster Review" for September, 1895.

something is done, and done quickly, for his good. Have they any remedy for him? For they may rest assured that the "appropriation of rent by taxation" will not save him from the competition of the immense wheat-growing areas of the United States, Russia, India, and the Argentine.

To so enormous an extent has the output of extravagant political theories of this sort recently increased, that not a few signs are wanting of a reaction. Not many months ago, in the very home of what has been called "triumphant democracy," there appeared a notable article in a well-known periodical with the straightforward title "Will Government by the People Endure?"* In England, too, we have a little sect calling itself "Voluntaryist," which not only repudiates the idea that government has any other function but that of protecting person and property, but repudiates also all compulsory taxation to pay for that protection. This is a swing of the pendulum which is highly significant. It signifies, indeed, not another form of complaint of tools, but a sort of resolve to do without tools, a casting away of all tools, and a relying upon individual effort only. In its way, perhaps, this fancy is as extravagant as any that it tries to controvert; for how much taxation would be raised by voluntary payments solicited on hospital Saturdays and hospital Sundays, as Mr. Auberon Herbert proposes, it would be difficult—or perhaps it would not be difficult—to conjecture. Policemen, in such a "voluntary State," I take it, would be irregularly, if not poorly, paid.

There has been recently another complaint of our tools, this time in the region of ethics rather than of politics. Restive, apparently, under the restraints of religion, the "New Hedonists" have rebelled against the Christian doctrine of the praise-worthiness of self-restraint, and put forward the theory that "self-development is greater than self-sacrifice." One regrets to have to disagree with courageous outspokenness; but where, in all consci-

ence, would such a maxim land us weak men and women? Such self-development would lead to utter selfishness—the core and procreative germ of all crime. True self-development is impossible without true self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice, surely, so long as it is not fanatical, is self-development, the highest self-development, at least among reasonable creatures. If all mankind were bent solely on self-development, we should soon enough sink to the level of the beasts of the field. In fact lower, for even the beasts of the field practice self-sacrifice and subordinate individual safety to the safety of progeny or herd. Besides, how could all mankind practice self-development? Self-development in the case of M means—nay, entails—self-sacrifice on the part of N; otherwise it means an internecine war between M and N for the means of that self-development; and the whole conflicting round of mutual rights and duties, which, presumably, the theory is intended to abolish, begins again.

It is, however, in the multiform disquisitions, essays, tales, novels, short stories, and what-not to-day thrust upon us on that threadbare theme, the marriage-tie, that naturally enough this doctrine of the rightfulness of untrammelled self-development finds its extremest aspect and its staunchest devotees. Monogamy, to these votaries, is a very antiquated tool indeed for any such thing as self-development; it requires, perhaps, rather too much of self-sacrifice. That a woman who, in this self-developmental process, thinks herself fettered by the side of the husband of her choice should not be allowed to make the experiment with another husband, or, for that matter, with relays of other husbands, this, to these votaries, seems shocking. What may happen to the home in the figures of this matrimonial quadrille, and what is to become of the progeny of such temporary unions are two little points of which the votaries fight very shy. This is playing with edged tools with a vengeance. What the contemporary historian of 1947 may have to

*"The Forum," December, 1896.

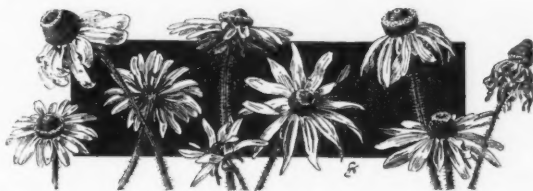
record on this subject, if the theory is pushed to its utmost, if legislators are chosen by universal ignorance, if women vote, and stultiloquence reigns, it would be highly interesting to know.

What is astonishing is that such "prophets of unrest" should command such a following. I am afraid to conjecture how many editions of "Progress and Poverty" have been sold in America, and I am afraid to conjecture how many have received Mann's asseverations with acclaim in England, and certainly, to judge from contemporary light literature, the apostles of the New Hedonism and its cognate cults are not few. It really looks very much as if the mental sanity of the age were in the balance. Periods there have been in the history of Europe when it certainly would appear as if whole communities were suffering from moral mania. What an extraordinary movement was the Children's Crusade! What a speculating fever raged at the time of the South Sea Bubble! Has anyone explained the tulip mania of Holland? The French Revolution and the Reign of Terror—what frightful periods were they! What an epidemic of political revolutions in 1848 ravaged Europe! The currency crisis in the United States last year—what a curious cataclysm was that! And today, has moral given place to social

mania? . . . How rampant around us are theories trying to prove that people can grow rich without toil, happy by act of parliament, and good by following their own bent!

There is one, and only one, thesis at the bottom of all these socialistic schemes for the saltatory regeneration of society, and that thesis is a falsehood. It is this: Human nature is perfectible. It is not. Not, at all events, by "a simple remedy" nor "in a few short hours." It has taken thousands, probably millions of years for man to travel as far as his present meagre state of civilization and morality; it is hardly likely that he will travel the whole of the rest of the journey towards perfection at a bound. Besides, what sort of a thing a perfected humanity may be we cannot possibly conjecture—with all due deference to Mr. Bellamy and his fellow-utopians be it said. A world without effort, we have seen, is a world inconceivable. Presumably, to the socialistic mind, a perfected humanity is a humanity in which everybody has enough. But here we are reminded that enough means, according to a shrewd Scot, "a little more than ye hae." When that sentiment is eradicated it will be time enough to complain of our tools.

Arnold Haultain.





THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MARY ANN.

The Tale of a Foreign Waif.

MARY ANN was plain, and she knew it. A small, wavy, green looking-glass told her so every morning, and added insult to injury in the telling. The smart house-maids and the smarter parlour-maid, in their befrilled aprons and beribboned caps, conveyed the same idea to her by ingenious ways and means, while Phyllis, the stout old cook she served under, insisted that her abundant hair—which was of a shade of red that has no redeeming lights through it—be combed straight and unbecomingly back from her brow, thereby making matters worse than was necessary.

But it was Tom, a butcher boy who called for the morning orders, that made her life a burden, for that sprightly youth claimed her for his legitimate prey. No one smallest imperfection escaped him; he teased her about her lanky "pink" hair, her eyes—which he said "toe'd in"—her wretched little elbows and shoulders, and the freckles which her soul abhorred.

In truth, these were her worst points, for her nose was small and straight enough, and when she smiled her teeth showed even and white, while something like a dimple would flicker wanly on one pale cheek. Tom invented nick-names for the child, which fairly exhausted the resources of his mind, and he sharpened his wits continually at her expense, but she bore the tormenting with a resignation that was, in its

way, pathetic. Still, now and again during the ten minutes Phyllis allowed him about, the high-spirited lad would go a little too far in his personal remarks, and then the girl's face would flame suddenly crimson, and her hands tremble over their work. Sometimes she would shrug her shoulders in a way that was quite unlike any other gesture common among the servants.

"I say, my scarlet-topped flower, you ain't French; you're English; so what do you mean by that shrug?" Tom once asked her, then as she answered nothing but went on polishing a glittering brass kettle—

"Ah!" he said, "Ye can keep cam, but I believe you're a little tigress in yer heart."

"Well, look out then as she don't turn and rend you, Tom," said the old cook laughing. But Mary Ann did not seem to hear.

She had one, though, who was her friend, and he was the Italian orange man who came with his great basket of golden fruit down to the basement door. During the long, hot summer, when the family were all away in the mountains, and only Phyllis and Mary Ann keeping the big city house, this Italian used to come every Saturday and stand for a while parleying with them over his wares. Mary Ann enjoyed looking at him, although she was far from realizing that he made a picture, framed by the rough doorway

and with his oranges gleaming warm against the grey stonework, that many a Royal Academician would have been grateful to see; for he was a handsome young fellow, with splendidly knit frame, soft golden brown eyes, and wavy black hair that the sunlight caught and turned to bronze. Round his throat he wore a gay handkerchief, and his trousers were of corduroy that the weather had shaded.

But it was the smile of him that charmed Phyllis and the little maid; for that was a thing like the sun on a dark day.

O, he made a very nice picture did young Marco Carreno, and perhaps he was aware of it.

But the way he and Mary Ann came to be friends was this: often when she was alone, quite alone in the great shadowy kitchen, she would sing, and she sang like a bird, with high notes sweet, rounded and perfect, and low ones rich and full. She knew only the simple songs they had sung at the Charity School where she had been reared—just those, and one other. It was an Italian lullaby—how she remembered it, where she had learned it, was a mystery.

But one late summer afternoon when the house was very still, she sat in the kitchen sewing and singing low to herself the little cradle song. Suddenly she looked up and saw the orange man at the window; he was leaning far over the sill, the basket beside him; his soft Southern eyes were full of tears.

"Ah! Mariana. Where learned you the melody?" he said breathlessly. "Sing it again, sing it again; it is the lullaby of my home—of Florence, Mariana."

But she could answer him nothing—only sometimes in the still evenings when the work was all done and old Phyllis sitting reading, the Italian would appear at the window as before.

"See, Mariana," he would call softly, "I have the little violin; come, sing me the lullaby." And while she sang he would follow her wonderful voice with a sweet accompaniment. Truly if those who passed along the

street above stopped to listen, they must have thought their ears deceived them, and that the sounds came from overhead.

But that was in the summer, and now the winter had come. It was a February morning that Mary Ann was sent upstairs to the beautiful region, lying like a—to her—undiscovered country between the place where she worked and the little attic where she slept. She had been despatched with pails and brushes to clean and polish one of the bath-rooms, as the girl whose work it was had been called home. Softly the child stole along the vast carpeted halls on her way.

"It's Master Herbert's bath I'm to do," said she to herself. "That's the army one; I saw him once crossing the 'alls in his red coat. O! he looked like an angel."

So thinking she reached the room, and as she knocked, the subject of her thoughts suddenly opened a door on the left.

"Hello!" he cried, "where do they keep *you*; you are not a housemaid surely!"

"O, no sir!" she cried, dropping her humble old world curtsey. "I'm Mary Ann."

"You're Mary Ann, are you," laughed the merry lad, who was home on a furlough. "Well, Mary Ann, don't they give you enough to eat? You really seem to me most unaccountably thin; or else you were originally intended to stand in a corner, being built that way, you understand, Mary Ann, at right angles?"

"Yes, sir, thank you," she answered shyly, giving another of the funny bobs that had been instilled into her at the home where her youth had passed its spring.

"Well," said he, looking her all over, "I hardly think you are a credit to the establishment; either they train you too hard, as it were, which is awfully unlike the Mater, or you haven't much appetite, or something, Mary Ann, and I must look into your case. You should take care not to go out on windy days, anyway."

"Thank you, sir," she answered, bobbing, "but please it's only the way I'm made. I think this is a nice place, and I'm very 'appy in the kitchen, sir."

"O," said he laughing and starting down the hall, "You are like little Dorrit's Maggie, are you? And find it 'eavingly' although this isn't exactly a 'ospital.' I say, do they give you chicking of a Sunday, Mary Ann?" She didn't understand him of course, but the bantering voice was kind, and the nonsense of the handsome cadet so different in order from that of her enemy Tom, that she scarcely minded it at all.

Herbert Carlton did not forget to ask his mother about the girl, although it was some weeks after their interview that she suddenly came into his mind. They were all at breakfast when he thought of her, in the strange way that thoughts will come to one without apparent reason.

"I say, mother dear," he said to the beautiful woman, busy over her tea cups, "I ran across the queerest little specimen upstairs the other day—a little English girl. I thought I knew the staff by sight, but she seemed to be a fresh importation. She said she was Mary Ann. She was awfully thin, funny looking too, red hair, big brown eyes all at sea—crossed I suppose, lots of bones, elbows, shoulders, sharp little chin.

"I see you have met her, Bertie dear," she answered, smiling. "Yes, she is Mary Ann. She was sent here to Canada from an English school, and has been with me two years. She helps old Phyllis, dear. I am bound to keep her till she is eighteen—if she is good—and she is nearly seventeen, I believe. But she is not here at present; she is ill, poor child.

"Where is she?" asked the young fellow, "I feel a sort of interest in her. By Jove! never saw anyone so thin."

"O, I suppose that is constitutional; she has typhoid fever now, so I've sent her to the hospital. They nursed her here for a week, but the doctors said it was likely to be a very long, serious case."

"Where are her people?" he asked, following the subject up, to his mother's surprise.

"Her people!" she replied smiling. "O, she hasn't any, Bertie; those girls never do have, you know. Wait, dear, let me see," reflectively. "I believe they did tell me some odd story about her—the woman who brought her it was that told me, rather a sensational story too, if I remember right. O, yes; it seems that Mary Ann's father and mother lodged with some person in London. They were singing in a small opera troupe—her mother was not English—I've forgotten what she was. But she fell ill—that is, Mary Ann's mother, you understand, and died, and her father shot himself. Afterwards the lodging-house keeper, who was poor, just took the little child to a charity home, as she could not find out any of their friends. The person who brought her here said that the girl spoke with quite a foreign accent at first and called herself "Mariana," but, of course, they do not allow fancy names in such places. "That," said Mrs. Carlton, rising and throwing out her pretty white hands, "is the tale; very sad isn't it?"

"Very sad," he responded, then absently, "What hospital did you say?"

"O, I don't think I mentioned the name, but she is at St. Mary's, and if you pass when you are riding you might go up and ask the porter how the poor girl is."

The spring went by dressed in green and gold. Then came summer when the days grew long and sultry, and the dust lay white upon the city streets. Often the orange man would carry his basket of fruit down the grey steps to the basement and look through the stone doorway, about which clung a Boston creeper with its fairy fingers.

"Is not the little Mariana come home yet?" he would ask of old Phyllis.

"No, Marco, not yet; she is away somewhere by the sea in one of them hospitals for converlescences. She come mighty near droppin' out, did Mary Ann."

"So?" he would answer, shaking his curly head. "She had the voice, Signorina Phyllis, ah! like the angels."

"She had a cross eye and red hair, and there was no good of puttin' nonsense into her head, makin' her think she could sing." Then the young fellow would shoulder his basket and laugh softly as he went up the steps.

"She could sing like the angels," he would say, "Addio! Signorina Phyllis, goodabye."

So the summer went, and the fall came. The leaves upon the vine around the door turned to loveliest reds and then fell upon the flagging in crimson splashes. Still old Phyllis worked on alone.

About that time the doctors in the hospital by the sea sent word to Mrs. Carlton that the little maid suffered from a weak heart after the long fever, and would not be able to work at all till nearly Christmas. So she, being kind, told them to keep the girl till all danger was over, and promised that when she returned her work should be made very easy.

It was the evening of the New Year that Mary Ann walked down the steps to the kitchen—she had been away ten months and felt a little strange about entering without a knock or some slight signal. She looked through the window, and as the blind was up saw Phyllis and one of the maids talking over a cup of tea at the table.

It seemed very cosy, she thought. The firelight shone on the white floor and made the copper boiler and silver covers glitter a sort of welcome. But tears rolled down her face even as she gazed in. They had been so kind at the hospital—one nurse had taught her so much and read to her. When they had said good-bye, this nurse had put a blue ribbon with a little gold heart on it, round her throat. The girl raised it now to her lips. O, she quite understood what Master Herbert meant when he said it was heavenly at the hospital, although it sounded odd at the time. So thinking, she pushed the door open and entered.

The two at the table turned astonished faces towards her.

"Why gracious goodness! if it ain't Mary Ann!" exclaimed the cook.

"Mary Ann!" cried the maid, "Mary! Why, no,—yes—, why what's the matter with your eyes!"

"O," answered she smiling, "the doctors fixed them straight, Jennie; it didn't hurt, really."

"But," cried Jennie, "You've changed somehow, you're *quite* changed, you're not a bit like yourself!"

"I weigh such a lot more," answered the girl, "perhaps that's it."

Jennie sat down, apparently overcome.

"Well, you've give me a turn," said old Phyllis, "an' I think you'd better take your hat off, maybe then you'll look more natural like."

But it was rather the reverse; for when she lifted off her hat, they saw, in place of the straight red hair of awful memory, that her head was covered with soft tiny curls of the most lovely auburn, that glittered yellow in the light.

That was too much—they simply gasped, and discovered no words to express their feelings. Even exclamations that they were usually rich in evaporated into thin air.

Mary Ann smiled and nodded at them in turn, while enjoying the situation.

"Do you really like my new hair?" she asked sweetly. "It every bit grew on in the last three months—before that I was bald. O dreadfully, dreadfully bald and ugly, but I've improved ever so much, haven't I?"

And they could only solemnly answer that she had.

When Mrs. Carlton saw the girl her usual calm was also severely tried. But she simply congratulated her upon her recovery, and then remarked upon the decided alteration in her eyes.

She thought to herself that she had never noticed before how lovely they were, how thickly fringed. She had only seen that they were crooked.

"I think, Mary Ann, you will make a nice little parlour-maid," she said, "at least for six months—we are going

to England then, and besides, you will be quite free to take any place you like and are able to fill; for you will be eighteen by that time."

"Thank you, Mrs. Carlton," she answered, but, strange to say, omitted the ancient curtesy. Her mistress waited, but as it did not appear, raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Ah!" she said, "I see you are becoming Americanized."

The girl smiled. "They were very kind to me, the nurses," she answered. "One of them taught me sometimes, and told me about my 'h's'; I used to do all sorts of things with my 'h's,'" she said.

"That was very kind of her, but never mind about your 'h's,' Mary Ann; I have concluded to let you take Jennie's place, as she is leaving me, and I hope you will be, as before, a good, faithful little maid. Now you may go."

After that, the new parlour-maid might have been seen any morning busy in the long beautiful rooms above stairs. She was as pretty herself as any piece of bric-a-brac that stood upon the carven tables or behind cabinet doors. So round and softly coloured she was, with such lovely curved shoulders and elbows, which before had been only corners. Her dainty cap rested like a white butterfly on top of those golden red curls, and her snowy apron fluttered as she stepped airily around. Once she saw the orange man. It was on a spring evening, and she had gone to the kitchen; then he came and leaned as of old against the doorway, his figure a silhouette upon the square of deep blue behind.

"Ah!" he cried, seeing her. "It is Mariana! I too have been away."

"I am changed, Marco, am I not?" she said sweetly.

"Yes, yes," he answered, but eagerly, "Thou hast not lost thy voice in exchange for all this, so lovely to see?"

"O, no, I can sing; I have my voice the same as ever."

"Ah, then," he cried, taking her hand, "sing me the lullaby, the lullaby of Florence."

She put her curly head on one side and shook it gently.

"I hear the bell, I must go," she said. "Anyway, that was only nonsense, Marco," then she danced away, and he slowly and sadly turned and went up the steps.

One day, when it came near the time that she should be her own mistress to go as it pleased her from one place to another, she was in the drawing-room dusting the shining glass drops on the chandelier—beyond was the music-room, that at this time of day was usually empty; indeed, she thought her mistress and the young ladies were all out. So, as her heart was happy, she sang, first an old school song and then the lullaby. The glass drops jingled sweetly together and chimed in with her voice—on she sang with an abandonment of enjoyment, but stopped suddenly, for she saw the reflection of a man in a long mirror opposite.

She was startled for the moment, and then recognized him as the master who gave Miss Carlton singing lessons. Signor Donatello, his name was.

He came swiftly in, closing the door behind, and as she stepped down from the little ladder where she had been standing, he took her hands.

"Who taught you the lullaby?" he asked. "Who taught you to sing?"

"O, I do not know," she said, "only I love to sing. Sometimes I think perhaps it was my mother who sang the lullaby to me. Do you think it could have been?" looking at him wistfully.

"Perhaps," he answered, "maybe so; but come to me, I will teach you; for you have the voice I have long been waiting to find."

"Say you will let me teach you, my child."

"But I am only a parlour-maid," she said shyly. "I must work."

"Come to my house then," he said eagerly. "My wife will need a little parlour-maid, and I, I will teach you to sing. Then, by and by, you will teach the people what music is."

And that is how Mary Ann came to

leave Mrs. Carlton when that lady went abroad.

* * * *

It was five years later that a new prima donna took the hearts of Europe captive ; afterwards she came to America, and one night sang in the city that had years before been her home. The opera house was filled with music-loving people. It was a first night to be remembered. In one of the boxes near the stage sat Mrs. Carlton and her pretty daughters. Behind them, and well in shadow, stood one of her sons, a man of soldierly bearing. When the beautiful singer finished her first aria and the liquid notes still lingered with them, this man leaned over and spoke to his mother.

"She reminds me of some one, can you help me to remember?"

"No, dear, I really cannot. I'm sure she is not in the least like anyone I ever saw ; I believe her voice did seem a little familiar, some tones of it—wonderful wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "yes, wonderful ! Ah, I know, she reminded me of —"

then he laughed softly, "my memory scores a point—of a little maid you once had, called Mary Ann, who underwent a metamorphosis, by the way." a

"O, Bertie dear, you are such queer fellow," answered his mother, smiling.

"Let me see, though, mother dear, didn't she go to old Signor Donatello ? and, by Jove ! he's leading to-night."

But Mrs. Carlton failed to reply. It was a very fashionable house and she was watching it—possibly she did not hear.

Away in the upper gallery was a man with a dark, Italian face, a handsome fellow he was, with a brilliant handkerchief knotted round his brown throat. He had leaned far over and listened breathlessly while the notes of that perfect voice floated upward, heavenly sweet.

"It *is* Mariana," he said to himself. "It is Mariana. She will not have forgotten Marco Carreno. Ah ! no ; I will go afterwards and find her, and perhaps, perhaps she will sing me the lullaby once again."

Virna Sheard.



LOVE BY THE SEA.

WHERE are the smiles that held me listless
In a dream of love by the summer sea ?
Where is the voice that rippled resistless
Mid the mutt'rings morose from the restless sea ?
For love is a spell, a shimmer
Exhaled from the evening dew.
'Tis felt in the moonlight's glimmer:
'Tis gone when the day breaks through.

Where are the vows, oh ! thou who spoke of them
By the murmuring side of the summer sea ?
Where is the maiden heart that broke them,
And buried my hopes in the restless sea ?
Yet why should I sigh for pleasures ?
'Tis folly on which to dwell ;
But love, when 'tis lost, one treasures:
And, maiden, I loved thee well.

Samuel Maber.

PICTURESQUE ST. PIERRE.

(With Five Special Photographs.)

WE boarded the steamer at North Sydney, Cape Breton, and in twenty hours after leaving that place St. Pierre loomed up before us bathed in the light of the afternoon sun. Our first impression was of desolation. A huge bare rock was before us on which no sign of life was visible; not even a tree to relieve the appearance of barrenness.

Where were the seven thousand inhabitants, their habitations and the fleets of fishing vessels we had been expecting to see? In wonder and consternation we waited until we rounded a sharp point and glided into the beautiful harbour. Then, indeed, the scene was a changed one and the evidences of life and activity reassured us.

Nestling on the hillside lies the little French town, and on the quay, assembled to enjoy the fortnightly excitement of the arrival of the *Pro Patria* were crowds of French people, chattering gaily, full of interest and curiosity in the strangers from the outside world. And were there not boxes and parcels innumerable aboard, not to mention letters? I have heard it said that the ordinary business of the place is almost entirely suspended during the sixty hours of the stay of the *Pro Patria*.

As we stepped upon the wharf two striking figures met our gaze. The first was a gorgeous creature in uniform of red and blue, trimmed with gold lace, and with a sword dangling at his side; this we thought must be the "gendarme." The other was in sharp contrast, in his long black robe and broad-brimmed hat. We had evidently been greeted by both Church and State.

The quay and stone wharves are very fine and substantial; they were built, we afterwards learned, by "deciplinaires," who used to perform all

manner of public work. These men were not of the lowest criminal class, but military offenders sent from France to undergo military discipline; about four years ago, however, a law was passed abolishing the custom, and the "deciplinaires" were all sent home to France.

From the windows of our apartments we could see the quay and part of the beautiful harbour, with the masts and rigging of many vessels outlined against the sky. Occasionally a Basque peasant marched solemnly along the quay in front of his ox team and queer little Normandy cart. His garb of blue blouse and beretta, scarlet sash and gaily embroidered foot-wear lent a dash of colour to the scene.

But whether hanging out of a case-ment window or out promenading the sights are always picturesque; and we never weary of the quaint, narrow streets where not even a sidewalk intervenes between the doorstep and the road. The little French windows, opening out like doors (our doors they call *guillotine* windows), are all ablaze with flowers of every hue; one almost forgets in looking on them that the island is for the most part a barren rock with scarcely a tree and only a few tiny vegetable gardens.

As we gain entrance into the houses we see how closely these people have clung to the traditions of their Normandy homes; here are the same "low-raftered interiors" beautifully white, and the same high canopied beds and down coverlets in green and red, and, as if to further emphasize the old time French accent with which our surroundings speak to us, we hear, as we drowsily prepare for bed, the roll of a drum; nearer and nearer it comes, until it thunders beneath our window, passes and grows faint in the distance.

It is the "Tambour" on his nightly round, giving us to understand that it is ten o'clock, and time for lights to be put out.

Walking down from the town on the old "Savoyard" road, built partly by shipwrecked sailors, in token of their gratitude to the people of St. Pierre, and finished by the "deciplinaires," one sees picture after picture. There are women washing at the brooks which run continually down the hill-sides. They wear white head-dresses and kneel in little box-like contrivances on the edge of the stream; each is armed with a wooden mallet with which she hammers the wet garments. When the clothes are cleansed the white-capped women carry them up the mountain side and spread them out to dry, as one of them naively explained, "that they might have a sweet odour." Here the sun and the dew and the sea-breeze complete the whitening process.

As we near the top of the hill about which the road winds we see coming towards us the dark, bent figures of "faggot gatherers"; had these women stepped from some canvas while we were exploring the art galleries, we could not have been more startled, so picturesque were they in their white caps and rather short, full skirts, and bearing the bundles of faggots on their backs.

On our return we met dogs, three abreast, drawing little carts which were loaded with barrels of flour, etc., and at once it became the ambition of our lives to be drawn by dogs.

Very soon after this an opportunity presented itself for the gratification of our wishes; we found the experience full of excitement and conducive to hilarity, as the dogs are very independent and full of moods, and will turn and rend each other, or suddenly flop down for a nap, as the spirit may happen to move them; the remedy for these notions, we learned by observation, is to flourish your whip fiercely, and shout "Allez! Allez!"

Not one dull moment did we pass on this little island. If the day was damp

and misty we enveloped ourselves in mackintoshes and went a-shopping, the wonder of the sun-loving women who peeped at us from behind their brilliant window blossoms; or if the tide were low we went down on the beach and watched the bare-legged fishermen wading after crabs, or stood by and saw the codfish being washed by yellow-tarpaulined, long-booted figures. The codfish cleaned at sea is here thrown in deep crates, through which the sea water flows back and forth; the fish are then stirred by the tarpaulined men with long poles until considered clean, then thrown on to the wharf with pitchforks and carted away to be piled in neat stacks.

On a bright day we return and see the cod spread out on the fields of round stones to dry, and watch them carefully turned by bands of laughing, chattering French peasants, who are happy now the sun is shining once more. We learn that the fishermen for the most part come from Normandy every spring, and return thither every autumn after the fishing is over.

One Sunday afternoon we discovered one of the most beautiful walks in St. Pierre; it is the "Route de Gueydon." To the right, as we left the town, lay the harbour filled with fishing vessels, sailors in bright blue blouses and red sashes were singing gaily at their work; just across the harbour, not more than half a mile away, is the "Isle des Chiens," with its large church in the middle, from which, across the water, came the chime of bells ringing for vespers. Towering high above us were jagged cliffs, and down at the foot of them at the edge of the road quaint dwellings and tiny cafes, with an occasional square of round, white stones where fish were spread to dry on the steep banks, and at intervals there were little wharves about which fishermen were busy with their boats. The view, as we progressed, gained in beauty, for Nature was in one of her rarest moods, flinging sunshine with a lavish hand over the sparkling waters. Never, it seemed to us, was water so blue or cliffs so red; this lovely spot

arose with cameo-like beauty, sharply cut out against a back-ground of blue sea. Well might the sailors sing and the fisher-lads rejoice, for rarely indeed do such perfect days come to this northern coast; more often it is wrapped in mists, but even then it is beautiful, and sometimes the atmospheric effects when the sun does battle with the fog are so wonderful that one longs for the power to paint. Especially would this place appeal to a marine artist.

As we neared the end of the "Route de Gueydon," the cliffs to our left became more precipitous and magnificent of outline; goats were grazing in the most impossible places. Turning, we looked upon the compact city of St. Pierre lying on the hillside and surmounted by a huge crucifix. In a niche between the cliffs above us, and looking out over the harbour, is a large image of the Virgin Mary. Peak after peak rises majestically against the sky; at the end of the road are many sharp cliffs whose shape is that of an eagle's beak; this is the "Cape d'Eagle." Among some rocks beneath, we found a seat and looked out on the "roads." The lighthouse, which warns vessels of a dangerous rock, rose a white column before us; on the other side of the "roads," and yet quite near, is the series of small islands which land-lock the harbour; while off in the distance we could see quite clearly the Newfoundland coast. The harbour at our feet was gay with pleasure-boats, in which were laughing maids and their lovers taking their Sunday outing.

On the following day the little steam tug *Progress* made a trip to Newfoundland, affording us a much-desired opportunity to touch that blue coast, which looks so lovely from St. Pierre. The day was sunny and calm, and we had the pleasure of seeing "Langlade," one of the three islands of Miquelon, with its beautiful natural arch in the rocks. After a four hours' sail, during which we skirted the irregular coast line in Fortune Bay, we touched the fishing village of Grand Bank, Newfoundland.

The return trip was made in three hours and a half. As we entered the harbour of St. Pierre the scene was one of enchantment. The hour of twilight on a calm, summer night will glorify the most indifferent landscape, but to this place, picturesque under any condition, it lent an indescribable charm. The sun had just set behind the jagged cliffs, leaving a silvery light which caused them to stand out with wonderful distinctness, while over the waters of the harbour the soft light cast a pearly shimmering. Golden columns supported the shore; it was hard to believe that these were but the reflection of the lamps along the edge of the "Route de Gueydon." On the hillside twinkled the lighted windows of innumerable homes, while the illumined streets appeared like strings of gold beads hanging in the air. Our little steamer threaded its way in the gathering darkness among the sailing vessels anchored in the harbour, and soon we stepped on the wharf, our delightful jaunt ended.

St. Pierre has three times been almost destroyed by fire. On the last occasion the disaster came in the autumn, and was followed by great distress to many of the people who were unable to erect suitable homes before the severe winter set in. In their trouble they turned, as their faith teaches them, to the Virgin Mary—the ever compassionate "Mother of God." After a solemn procession to the Cathedral, they recorded a vow, prostrate upon their knees, that if in future she would protect them from further visitation of this dreadful scourge, virgins would carry her image around the town on each anniversary of the last fire, and they would also erect on the cliff overlooking the town an immense crucifix to be always before their eyes, to remind them of their vow.

All this we learned from various sources, and we were further informed that there were to be ceremonies and a procession on the 15th of August, which would be similar in almost every respect to what were to be witnessed on the anniversary of the fire.



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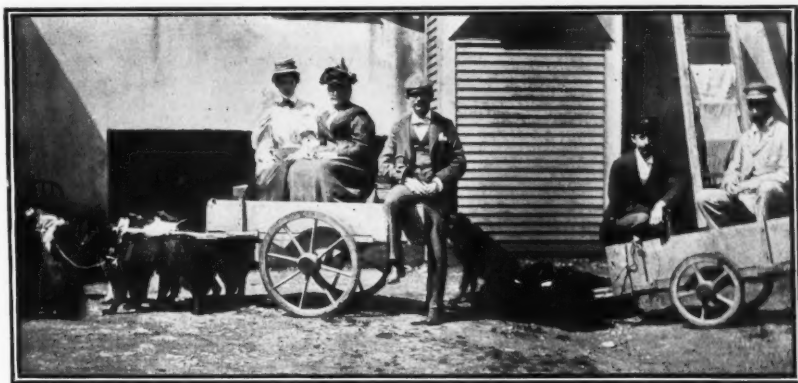


PICTURESQUE ST. PIERRE—TRANSPORT A BEUFS.

The 15th of August, the "fete of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," arose brilliant and cloudless. At 1 o'clock p.m. we made our way to the Cathedral, which is a large building with tasteful decorations on the interior, and dedicated to St. Peter, the fisherman saint. Between the immense chandeliers is suspended a fishing craft, significant of the life led by those bronzed sons of the sea, who come always

to the Cathedral before starting out on their expeditions to receive the blessing of the priest and to pray for a safe voyage.

The Cathedral was filling rapidly, and we made haste to secure chairs, for which we were required to pay one sou each, and took our places with the congregation. Every type of the French race was represented, from the uncorseted peasant with short, full



PICTURESQUE ST. PIERRE—THE DOG CARTS.



"The cod spread out to dry on the fields of round stones."

skirt and white cap, to the gay Parisian in elegant toilet.

The master of the ceremonies, in the person of the beadle in blue suit trimmed with brass buttons and epaulets, marched slowly up and down the aisle, occasionally giving orders to the congregation to move their chairs forward, in order to make room for the newcomers who crowded in behind.

The altars (four) were profusely decorated with flowers, the contributions of the people. At the end of the middle aisle, near the chancel, stood the image of the Virgin and Child (modelled after the painting by Murillo), which was afterwards carried in the procession. At each side of the altar, in the chancel, stood seven choir boys in scarlet cassocks and caps and white lace surplices, over which again were scarlet stoles. Two altar boys in purple stoles assisted the officiating dignitary, who was arrayed in a robe which glistened like unto a cloth of gold.

A large group of white-robed maidens knelt on the chancel steps. Occasionally during the solemn chanting of the

service a misty white veiled figure would glide softly past us up the aisle; these were belated virgins, who crossed themselves hurriedly before the image of the Madonna and Child, and took their places with their sisters.

After the impressive service was ended the procession went forth from the Cathedral; first in order marched the beadle, mace in hand; after him a priest, bearing aloft a crucifix, and on each side of the priest the two little altar boys in their purple robes and white lace surplices, carrying tall candles; after these, walking two by two in two long columns, came the rest of the procession, beginning with the children from the schools, the boys kept in file by monks; after them the girls, beside whom walked the nuns, who looked very beautiful, habited in blue gowns, with black about the head and shoulders, a white band about the brow, and a silver cross gleaming on each breast; next came the young girls from the orphan asylum, whom we judged were from eight to sixteen years of age. They were clad in the uniform of the asylum, namely, grey

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alpaca dresses, and the hair drawn close to the head in nets; this sombre dress, however, was transformed for the occasion by the long white veils which enveloped each one from head to foot.

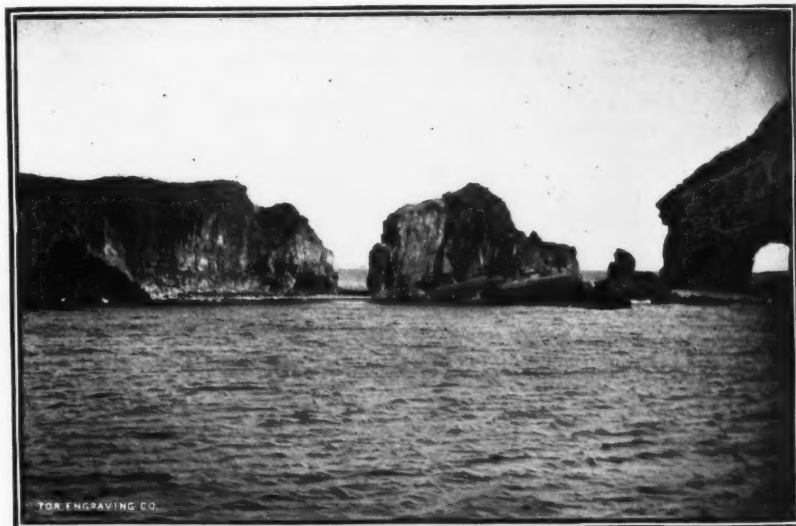
After these came the virgins arrayed in pure white, from their long tulle veils, fastened to their hair with white flowers, to their dainty white kid slippers; these were the maidens elected to carry the image of the Virgin Mary; two by two they walked in two long columns, and between these columns there was a group of eight young girls bearing the image, while four more held the golden ropes attached to the burden. After a few paces these were relieved by others from the ranks, and these in turn by others, until each of these white-robed ones had borne the weight upon her shoulders; next in order came the choir boys in their scarlet cassocks and white surplices, who, with the monks and officiating dignitaries, were chanting as they slowly wound their way along the quay and up through the narrow streets.

Other processions we saw, of a very different nature; one, a few days later,

was the funeral procession of a young sailor, who was drowned near the coast. A sailor led the melancholy line, bearing a crucifix draped in black crepe, the ship comrades of the dead man followed, and little choir boys in black cassocks and white surplices, and monks and priests chanting their solemn litany for the dead; all heedless of the pouring rain and thick mist, as they toiled up the steep street to the cemetery on the hill. The French people looking on the sad sight from the street, or from their windows, showed none of that idle, gaping curiosity so often seen in the same rank of people of other nations. It was as though each woman saw in imagination the young wife at home in France, happy with her babe, and all unconscious of the tragedy of her husband's death.

Another funeral procession we met one sunny afternoon was that of a baby girl, and the sight this time was not sad, but made one feel as though in a dream, so strangely bright and beautiful a company it was.

The little white satin coffin was carried by four little girls, dressed in



LANGLADE, ONE OF THE THREE ISLANDS OF MIQUELON, AND ITS NATURAL ARCH.



"Chanting as they slowly wound their way along the quay and up through the narrow streets."

white; young girls in long, white veils followed, then a number of choir boys in scarlet robes, with the priest in their midst, and the haunting monotone of the singing was still with us after the singers had disappeared within the Cathedral with their little white burden.

Altogether there is a charm about the place hard to define; perhaps it is a dramatic, spectacular element, which makes it seem like a stage on which a mediæval play is being enacted, and whether the act be of a sad or joyous nature it is tinged with a degree of sentiment unknown to our colder and more reserved English blood.

One seems to have returned to an earlier stage of the world's history, before the time of trains and trams, and were it not for the fortnightly reminder, in the shape of the steamship *Pro Patria*, one might almost forget that steam is a factor in the industrial life of our century, or that it is now possible to send a written message by means of a postage stamp.

The arrival and departure of the *Pro Patria* keeps the people in touch with the outside world, and furnished an unusual interest while we were there, as we saw the Procurer, or Attorney-General of this colony of the French Republic, depart for Martinique, the scene of his new appointment. This was a grand opportunity to see the gay toilets of the *élite*, who came to wave a last farewell from the wharf, and furnished us also with the novel spectacle of the distinguished Government official dispensing a parting embrace to his intimate friends, by kissing them, men and women alike, on both cheeks, in true French fashion; and then to see the steamer fade away in the mists, followed by salutes from every vessel in the harbour, from the immense French man-of-war to the smallest fishing craft.

As we returned to our rooms we almost regretted that so shortly we must return to our own shores and enter again on the ordinary routine of our lives.

Mrs. E. A. Randall.

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CHILDREN OF THE TOWN.

*I.—The Baby Rachael.**

SHE was a little mite, with big, brown eyes and straggling, black hair. On the sixth day of the week the straggling mane was transformed into corkscrew curls and the child's heart became gloriously happy.

It is well to be at an age when corkscrew curls will make one happy.

When I first saw the child Rachael she was scarce four years old, but she had the precocity of a dozen years. Her father was a Russian Jew whose occupation was that of Inspector of Public Highways and Inns, with an occasional Jail thrown in. He was the employee of no municipal body, but acted solely on his own behalf. There are innumerable gentlemen holding the same office, and their occupation is scripturally known as that of Cumberer of the Earth.

The mystery of the man's life was what led to his discovery of and settlement in Canada. There is a possibility of his having been an escaped Siberian convict, which may have been the reason for his interest in our mode of imprisonment.

The bread-winning was done by the woman Rachael, his wife, who was a delicate young creature with a girlish figure.

When I looked into the woman's face I knew from what source came the child's wondrous dark orbs. But the woman's eyes were full of a quiet sorrow, while the child's had looked only toward the golden dawn of day, and the day was yet too young for the mind to take any thought of what the afternoon and night might bring. But the woman had looked far and often into the child's future, and while she looked her face grew hard. At such times she would clasp the little one in her arms and smother it with kisses, smiling the while. The smile came

when she remembered that the child's night brings sleep with it, and beyond sleep there is a Heaven somewhere, and in that Heaven there is a God, who is glad when the gates are opened for tired children—most of all child-waifs who have stumbled along a weary road.

When there was washing to be done the woman Rachael washed. When there was none she begged, so that the light might still shine in the child's face. When begging became obnoxious to the civic authorities she was invited to spend a night in jail in order that respectable citizens might not be disturbed. And so she had slept through several weary nights in a common Police Station; but her heart was not sad, for the child Rachael was still at her side, warm and not hungry, and the light of babyhood was even yet shining in the little one's eyes, for it was still the sunrise of life.

I have often wondered how the woman had the heart to still struggle, to still live. Some one has told us that life is sweet at any cost. He was a dreamer who knew not the pangs of humiliation and hunger. To her, death would have been sweet at any cost. Her big, weary eyes often told me so. Life held nothing but the child Rachael, and it would have been so easy to take the little one in her arms and on some summer night quietly end it all.

Now, if Rachael had been a boy; but no, the child was sweeter as a wee girl, and the great God was good to send her. So soliloquized the woman. Nevertheless she knew that when she was sleeping—as soon she would sleep—in some lonely churchyard the little one would be alone. This was the one nightmare of the woman's life, for even the most simple-minded must know that the world is not kind to a

* A companion sketch to this will appear in the August number.

little street arab whose nearest home is in Northern Russia.

We are a careless, selfish mass of humanity, who gather our cloaks about us and wander aimlessly through the church doors of the world thinking we are on a tolerably safe path to Heaven. Rachael Lazarus, washerwoman and beggar, was nearer God in her Christ-like life than we may ever hope to be, and in that future, of which all dream, it is my conviction that the light of purity surrounding her will be too strong for the vision of our tarnished souls.

The child Rachael loved her mother. She feared her father with a wholesome dread. I saw the man but once, and my heart ached because of the fact that the Creator had sent him into the world. However, these are mysteries, full of doubt. Perhaps the doubt is alone what preserves faith in many of us.

They lived, when they possessed a dwelling-place, in a small shanty in the heart of the city. The entrance was a long lane in which were several dilapidated coal carts. I have several times piloted my way through the narrow alley in search of the woman Lazarus, fearing each time that I would find her asleep, and baby Rachael guarding her mother's bedside, as Grizel guarded the dead body of the unhappy Painted Lady.

It was rather more of curiosity than of the missionary spirit that directed my feet to the shanty of the Russian Jew, for we are after all unfortunately much alike in our skirt-gathering propensity. It is a sad fact that with all our material progress we are advancing but slowly towards that universality which is the practical living of the brotherhood of man. We build a wall about ourselves and consider a life well lived so long as we rob no man.

The woman interested me, and I loved to watch the child Rachael as her bright baby nature unfolded new mysteries to me each time I saw her.

Upon a certain day I told the little one a fable. It was about a remarkable princess who possessed silver hair and rainbow wings, and who lived and died in an impossible castle. Hence-

forth it was Rachael's pleasure, clad in rags, to play castle amongst the broken-down coal carts of the alley. She was a symbol of a life that is lived every day in the outside world. I have several times peeped over the edge of the castle-cart to see the little one lying with closed eyes, motionless, in a corner. It was the princess dead and awaiting the funeral! Afterwards she transformed herself into the gravedigger and chief mourner, and marched with solemn little steps back to the cottage, where she suddenly burst into ringing peals of laughter. It was her chief form of enjoyment.

One morning I called at the house. The woman stood in the doorway with the child in her arms. She was a picture of dejection. "They give me work," she said sorrowfully, "but I may not bring the child. They put the crust to baby Rachael's mouth and they say she may not eat. O, it is hard, it is hard!"

It was the summer season. The sun was laughing in the bluest of heavens, and even the dusty tree of the neighbourhood looked brighter and fresher than usual. I went into the house and took the woman's head-scarf from the nail. Then I found the baby's sun-bonnet. The child's big eyes had followed my every movement.

"Give me a fresh pinafore," I said quickly, "And then hurry off. Baby Rachael and I shall go home where the black pussy is, and we shall have wheat cakes to eat and sweet milk to drink, and green grass to play on, and a picture-book with a princess and a real castle in it. Come along."

The woman smiled and hurried off. The little one willingly came with me. She had a vision of the black pussy, which she dearly loved. As we passed out of the gloomy alley the child blew a kiss over her shoulder and cried with a strange note of warning in her voice—"Good bye, lane,—be good."

She laughed and chattered on the way home, made friends with the stray dogs that chanced to cross our path, insisting upon embracing them about the neck, talked to the horses we pass-

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ed, and invented extraordinary answers to her own questions. It was only when we reached the better streets that she crept back to my side and clung nervously to my skirts. She had left the region of waifs and strays behind and was now in a strange country. There was no fellow-feeling between her and the stately dog with the leather collar and steel locket who sat on his doorstep and guarded the house. He belonged to another world and rolled his eyes contemptuously at her while she clung to my skirts. Poor little mite! The world holds but little sunshine for stray Rachael's!

The black cat met us at the gate and purred a most gratifying welcome. Baby Rachael took her in her arms and whispered to her the whereabouts of a number of homeless mice who ate what did not belong to them.

Dinah purred louder and, no doubt, committed the news to her memory. Now, sceptical people will try to convince you that cats do not understand our mode of conversation. That may be so with regard to some cats, but Dinah understood everything. She would have very often talked to us, but recognized the fact that we would not have understood her. Such reasoning was almost human! We are convinced that Dinah possesses conversational powers and reserves them for her more educated and intelligent friends, because we have repeatedly overheard interviews in the moonlight—somewhere in the region of the brick wall over which the grape-vines



DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

"She had left the region of waifs and strays behind."

creep.

We three sat on the veranda steps, Rachael, Dinah and I. We were wonderfully happy. I expressed it in my heart. Baby Rachael expressed it in her merry young laugh; and no one could mistake the happiness of Dinah's quiet dignity. It is a way cats have of expressing intense happiness, at least well-bred cats. They remain perfectly motionless except for an occasional wink.

Presently Rachael became interested in a small urchin who had crept up to the fence and was pressing his chubby round face eagerly between the bars. I beckoned to him. He shook his head when I spoke.

"Come and play with Rachael and Dinah, won't you?" He opened his eyes very wide and stared up into my face, ignoring my invitation.

Presently he began to chatter through the bars: "Has you seen our baby?—in the hospital—with a big stone tied to its leg 'cause its crooked. An' if you touch it you'll get licked. There!" The little chap became so earnest that he crept a step nearer. Rachael began to rub Dinah the wrong way. She was thinking of the crooked leg.

"Come and tell us about it," I said coaxingly.

"No," he answered decidedly. "I must go, 'caus that cat 'ill bite."

Dinah winked scornfully and looked the other way.

"Do not be afraid," I said. "She is very good. Besides, dear, cats don't bite." He looked up indignantly. "Yes they do. We—we has a cat and—it has pins in its feet, and if you're not good he will stick them in you. An' when you're good he sings. An'—an' did they take that baby to the hospital and tie a stone to her leg?"

Rachael looked solemnly at both feet. Dinah watched her to see the result of the investigation. Then they embraced each other, at least Rachael embraced and Dinah objected.

The little boy had stolen up the steps and sat close to Rachael. When he did so the cat walked proudly away. Dinah has never cared particularly for small boys. When I questioned her about it she told me that their affection for dogs was almost too transparent. I agree with her partly; boys invariably make their affections too transparent; and so they have lost a good friend by being demonstrative. Now, it would have been so easy to use a little tact and pull the wool over Dinah's eyes. However, it is their own lookout. . . .

The boy looked at Rachael and Rachael looked at the boy, and there began a series of telegraphic communication known only to the child world. Rachael stretched out both her little feet, and the boy saw that there was

no immediate necessity for stones and hospitals. Then he looked disdainfully at Rachael's straight black hair, whereupon the child turned her big dark eyes sorrowfully to me. Her little face grew sad because it was not the sixth day of the week, consequently there were no corkscrew curls. And as she sorrowed the sun crept under a cloud and the rain drops trickled down her cheeks. But it was the April age of the little one's life, and, even while the tears dropped, the sun crept out again and her face was bright with smiles.

"Where is your mama?" she asked suddenly, brushing away the tears, and peering earnestly into the little boy's face.

"She's away, an' when she comes home we will go and look at the baby. She is two, an' she can walk soon as they take the stone away."

"Has you got a papa?" inquired the girl child, exercising the dawning feminine curiosity.

"No," said the boy.

"Has you got a little brother?"

"No."

"Well, has you got a lane—and a castle?"

I turned away to look for Dinah. She would so much have enjoyed the humour of this peculiar conversation. I fancy I hear her repeating it, with variations, to friends, when the moon is shining behind the vine-clad, brick wall.

What had passed, however, was completely lost on her ladyship, for I found her some time afterwards on the back veranda blinking idly in the sunshine while she washed her face. Upon her refusing to look at me I left her, knowing well that she had not yet recovered her equanimity. Dinah is foolishly sensitive. She still worried over the unpleasant interview with the boy whose baby sister possessed a crooked leg. When Dinah's dignity is wounded she is silent for twenty-four hours, and her face plainly says, "I shall neither forgive nor forget."

When the sun was sinking in the clear heavens, Rachael's mother called to take the little one home. The poor

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DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

"The boy looked at Rachel and Rachel looked at the boy."

creature was worn and tired after the day's work, but it was worth much to see the expression of yearning and love creep into her young face when she crossed the garden path and first caught sight of baby Rachael. Somehow I felt compelled to turn and walk away when she gathered the little girl in her arms and covered her with kisses, her eyes filling with tears the while. It was for this she had been living through the long hours of the day—it was this that made the struggle of life easy to bear; that made living worth while. And was it not this little baby face that made the sinking sun to-night so golden, and the blue sky so clear? Aye, that made the very light of heaven fall over that dusky

garden, for the baby Rachael was a gift of God to a lonely heart.

And then we gave the little one a cup of warm milk and a wheat cake, and a couple to carry home in her wee pocket. Dinah came down from her pinnacle of dignity and graciously consented to a series of hugging performances. We told her to be polite and invite baby Rachael to come soon again, which she truly did most hospitably, purring an accompaniment and rubbing her soft coat against the child.

We escorted the pair to the gate and Dinah ran on as an advance guard. The last I saw of her she was sitting on the boulevard at the street corner waiting to see the baby out of sight. Dinah never does things by halves.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill.





STAVANGER—A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

The account of a Canadian Woman's Summer Trip through Norway, to be completed in four numbers and to be illustrated from special photographs and sketches.

I.—STAVANGER, SULEDAL LAKE, ROLDA, THE HORRABRAKHEN, THE LOTOFOS FALLS, AND ODDE.

I **CROSSED** from Aberdeen with a party of English, Irish and Scotch, all as anxious as myself to see the much-talked-of beauties of the Norwegian scenery. I was the only Canadian in the party, and was under the chaperonage of some Scotch friends.

Looking back in fancy I see the blue waters rolling among the brown rocks, while in the distance is a wee house with white foundation, pink body and red roof—the first Norwegian house seen by our party as the steamer glided into the harbour of Stavanger.

Soon the boats were lowered, and in a few minutes we found ourselves ashore amid frame houses, green arches and countless banners hung along the streets. Over all floated unfamiliar music from a brass band. All this gaiety on a Sabbath evening aroused our curiosity, as we felt certain that it was not all assumed in our honour. So we went up one street

and down another, vainly enquiring the cause of it all. Later on, as rockets lightened the peculiar Norwegian twilight, our enquiries were rewarded by the information that just across the bay lay the king's yacht, and it was in their sovereign's honour, not ours, that all this gorgeous display had been arranged.

But in our wandering through the streets we remarked many things. In the first place the buildings looked so ordinary, all painted yellow; in fact, we concluded that Norwegians must let contracts for the painting of their towns, and the economy of it was the only feature that we much admired. Then there were the shops full of furs, the gray old cathedral with the customary "very fine window," and national costumes which were beyond my powers of description. Imagine our feelings as we saw lovers arm in arm! I don't know what the rest expected, but for my part I thought Norwegian

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lovers would have a more romantic way of conducting themselves. Poor things! We left them to their bliss. In our desire to see something we followed the crowd to the water's edge, where the people were pouring into steamers just about to sail. As it had grown dusk we hunted about for our own small boats and were soon on board once more.

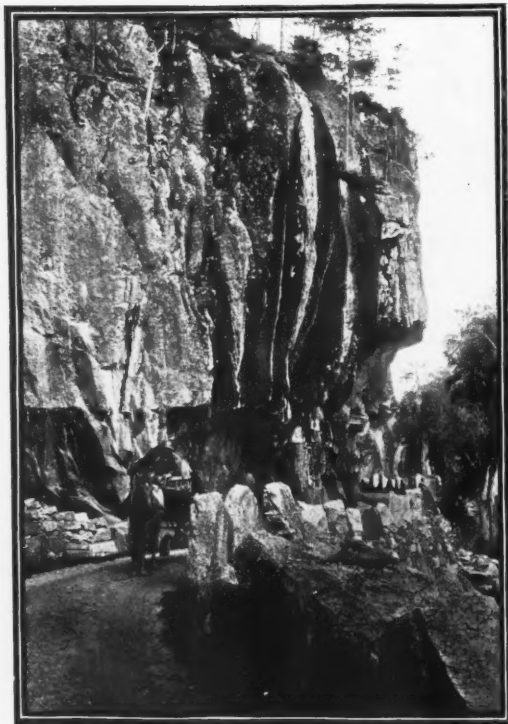
After so much excitement we willingly sank into dreamland, only to be awakened next morning bright and early by the bells announcing breakfast. What a hurried meal that was, as every one was to go ashore. Our ship had gone up the Fiord while we slept and soon we were on the small wharf at San, where oddlooking two-wheeled sulkeys awaited us. The names for these conveyances, we found, were "stolkjaerre" and "carriole." Into a carriole it was my lot to get, whence I surveyed the fun of the others choosing ponies and drivers. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., I had heard, so rested contented till we began the climb. All in a

string, we went up, up, up, till the steamer looked a speck on the green waters below. Soon the folly of wisdom became mine, for the carriole, though cute to look upon, proved jolty to ride in. As we were lost in admiration of the beauty of a foaming river, and all interest was centered on it, suddenly one of my reins broke, turning the pony's head straight for the precipice. On he went, one step after another. Oh, the horror of that moment as I swayed above the rushing torrent hundreds of feet below! How I called "Whoa! whoa! whoa!" but all in vain; that pony's accomplishments did not include a knowledge of the English tongue. So, too, my driver. "Jump!" was Greek to him; but just in time he saw the peril; leaping from his stand behind, he buzzed like a bee. Down went the pony's feet, and not one second too soon; I was turned toward the great rocks which towered above us. How the thoughts rushed madly through my mind in that moment of peril, with a



"OUR STEAMER AT SAN."

Photographed specially for the writer of this article.



A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN ROAD, AND A STOLKJÆRRE.

sickening longing to be saved to die in my own Canada.

The excitement of a hair-breadth escape over, while the reins, which, by the way, were woven of blue, black, white and red threads, were being tied, injunctions were given to keep close to the rocks. All these orders were pure waste of breath, as my after experience showed me. But soon we were by the edge of a lovely lake where a tiny steamer awaited us, and the joys of the carriage were exchanged for a sail.

Up this beautiful Suledal Lake, which lay like an emerald amid the sombre pine-clad mountains, we sailed, while at every angle of the mountain fresh beauty burst upon us. All too soon we left that wee steamer, to partake of our first luncheon inland, but though speculated upon in jest and earnest it was a relief to find the dining-room as

spotlessly white as heart or any other organ could desire. When seated we hesitated, but one noble soul was brave and tasted the soup. Breathless suspense held us for the moment, until "Good!" echoed along the table, when, at the sound of the welcome word, all heaved a sigh of relief and began the first meal in Norway. Salmon, with small, yellow potatoes, venison and black bread followed the delicious soup in due order, while all was crowned by a pudding of delicious taste but indescribable appearance.

Added to the charm of the scenes without were the dainty waitresses, in black skirts, bright red, sleeveless bodices cut to a V in front, and bound with black velvet, while the waist was confined by a belt of vari-coloured beads. The white, full sleeves and vest of lawn or cotton added their bit of charm, but the oddest ornament was the brooch of immense size, whose numerous pendants reached half way

to the waist. Above that odd dress were the fairest of fair faces, crowned by the golden hair. To our last day in that far-off land the waitresses never lost their charm nor their dignity. Any girl more sedate, gentle, yet grave and dignified, could not have been found. How hard we tried to win a smile, or gain an extra word or two, but all in vain, no words were lost in Norway, at least by the natives.

New conveyances with fresh ponies soon claimed our attention and off we went once more, up steeper hills, down deeper dales, till night found us at Roldal in an hotel from whose veranda the green lake below, the winding road and the towering snow-capped mountains above, were all a fascinating picture.

Our spotless white rooms and the cosy veranda were soon left behind in

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the desire to reach the end of the green lake. There, far away, the great mountain descended to the ordinary level of man, meeting in a quaint white-washed village. Soon we found that fair village was a long, long way off, so seated ourselves on the grassy roadside overlooking the lake. Here a group of children gathered, and after much consultation in low, sweet tones, a brown-eyed lassie with the shiest of shy looks stepped close to us with the one word "change?" as she held toward us an English penny. What a picture that small maiden was! Fair hair, oval face, brown eyes and a sweet wee rosebud mouth—any artist might have been captivated by the study. Doubtless that very penny had won many an ore for the fair owner, but we too added our little to her treasures, leaving the penny to work upon the soft hearts that followed along the lake's edge.

By the following morning, and especially after breakfast, at which was offered half-a-dozen varieties of cheese with biscuits that both looked and

tasted like brown paper, my mind was settled fast in the decree that no more carriages should carry me through this strange land, so a jolly Scotch companion that day shared my fate in a *stolkjaerre*. For hours we climbed amid the flowers that covered the mountain side singing and comparing notes on yesterday's novel events, till the summit of the *Horrabrakhen* (zig-zag road) was reached. As we gazed into the valley, far below was seen the yellow hotel, with the green lake close beside it, while beyond all were seen the sparkling snow fields of the *Folgefonde* glacier. How grand a scene it was no pen can picture, as over all rested Nature's unbroken calm. There we were 3,400 feet above the sea, with our good ship waiting for us; so the descent began.

We thought the mountain-top grand, but words failed to express our feelings as a few good-sized stones were all that kept us from a headlong career into the valley below. That valley was a gem of beauty, but we preferred scrambling from one road to a ledge of



THE LOTOFOS FALLS, NORWAY.



THE ODDE VALLEY AND A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN DWELLING-HOUSE.

rock below in the hopes of reaching the bottom in one piece instead of in fragments.

Suddenly a great angle of rock was rounded, and we stood speechless. There before us were the Lotofos Falls, which leaped in two great streams into one common basin, only to take a second plunge into the valley below. The rocks, foliage, in fact the whole surroundings, were romantically lovely, while over all swayed a veil of spray where the rainbow wavered. Enquiries came from all sides, "Is not that ahead of Niagara?" and truth to tell I thought it lovelier; but my country must not suffer by comparison with the fairest land (or water), so Niagara was proclaimed vastly superior in volume, etc., etc.; (but we all know its beauties). The caravan followed the succession of rapids until they were lost in a lake of royal blue. Here again a halt was called to admire the lake guarded by immense rocks close to us, but on the further side by great mountains, which parted to show the

Buarbrae glacier, whose snows descended to the edge of the lake, close to the green fields. The blue lake, dark pines, and sparkling snows were rounded off by a small yellow steamer that was crossing the blue expanse. It all left a glowing picture on our minds, as the fiord of deep green came into view with the white walls of Odde in the valley.

The party exasperated me, as they were mostly stolid Scotch who never used adjectives, but could (*on occasion*) pronounce a scene "no' bad!" "good!" or (even at a stretch) "fine!" The adjectives in our language seemed adequate for all my needs until that day, but they failed me so utterly then that silence reigned as the beautiful Odde valley, with its foaming river, winding road, meadows and white houses were left behind.

How bonnie the steamer looked as she waited for us, and how fresh and home-like the dainty white state-room, with its pink curtains, seemed as we found ourselves once more on board.

Winnifred Wilton.

(To be continued.)

THE PREMIERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK SINCE CONFEDERATION.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ST. JOHN TELEGRAPH.

NO province of the Dominion suffered a greater loss of its public men, as a result of Confederation, than New Brunswick. The impression prevailed among the politicians that the provincial legislatures, under the new order of things, would be so greatly reduced in importance and authority that they would afford no scope for a man of ability, so every public man in the province made up his mind to get to Ottawa, if possible, and push his political fortunes there. The solitary exception to this general rule was the Hon. Edward B. Chandler, of Dorchester, a member of the Legislative Council, who was called to the Senate of Canada and refused that much sought-for honour. Mr. Chandler did not believe that the provincial legislatures would be reduced to the rank of mere municipal councils, and so he preferred to remain the first man in the Legislative Council of his native province, rather than the last in the Senate which had been created by the new constitution of Canada. Mr. Chandler would undoubtedly have been the first premier of New Brunswick after confederation if he had been a member of the House of Assembly. As it was he became a member of the government and the President of the Council, and his long experience in public life was of great use to his colleagues in the government, most of whom were new men.

At the time of Confederation the Executive Council or Government of New Brunswick consisted of nine members, all of whom, with the exception of Hon. John McAdam, retired from provincial politics. One of them, the Hon. Edward Williston, who was Solicitor-General, became a judge; the other seven went to Ottawa as Senators or members of the House of Commons. The mere mention of their

names will serve to show the great loss of political ability and experience which the province thus sustained, for they comprised S. L. Tilley, Charles Fisher, Peter Mitchell, A. R. McClelan, R. D. Wilmot, John McMillan and Charles Connell, all of whom had held departmental offices in the government of the province. Besides these the province lost many others who had been prominent in her public life, for Ottawa demanded of her twelve Senators and fifteen members of the House of Commons, a large contingent for one small province to supply at once to the new nation which the British North America Act had created. It was under such apparently adverse conditions that the first government of New Brunswick after Confederation was formed.

As the Hon. John McAdam was the only one left of the government which had carried Confederation, the premiership would have naturally fallen to him if he had been ambitious to obtain it, or had possessed the requisite qualifications. But Mr. McAdam was well aware of his own limitations, he had no ambition to be premier, and "honest John," as he was called, was very well content to serve as Chief Commissioner of Public Works under another leader. The chosen leader of the new government, the first premier of New Brunswick after Confederation, was the

HON. ANDREW RAINSFORD
WETMORE,

who had been Mr. Tilley's colleague in the representation of the city of St. John. Mr. Wetmore was not a politician either by training or by inclination, but he was a man of striking and vigorous personality, who found himself in political life without quite knowing how he came there. His great-grandfather was a prominent loyalist



HON. A. R. WETMORE.
First Premier of New Brunswick.

of Westchester county, New York, who came to New Brunswick at the close of the war of the Revolution in 1783. His grandfather was Attorney-General of the province for nineteen years, and died while holding that important office. His father had been clerk of the House of Assembly for five years at the time of his early death in 1822, when the future premier of New Brunswick was but a little child. Mr. Wetmore studied law in the office of Hon. E. B. Chandler, who was afterwards a member of his government, and was in due course admitted to the bar. He soon acquired a large practice and was in the front rank of his profession when an accident threw him into political life. The great question of Confederation was before the electors of New Brunswick in the autumn of 1864, and early in 1865 a general election took place to decide whether or not the people of the province would accept the Quebec Scheme. The Anti-confederates of St. John were looking for a candidate to oppose the

Hon. S. L. Tilley, and their choice fell upon Mr. Wetmore. He accepted the nomination and was elected to the Legislature on a tidal wave of anti-union sentiment which swept over the country, and overwhelmed the confederation party so completely that they were able to elect only six members out of the forty-one which made up the House of Assembly.

Mr. Wetmore, like a great many others in New Brunswick at that time, appears to have had no particular convictions in regard to the question of Confederation. Chance has made him a member of the Legislature, and the supporter of a number of politicians with whom he had never before been associated, but he soon found himself very ill at

ease among his new associates, and his views of Confederation began to experience a decided change. At the Second Session of the Legislature, elected in 1865, Mr. Wetmore was found in opposition, and when that Legislature was dissolved, two weeks later, he became one of the candidates of the Confederation Party for the city of St. John and was again elected, the Hon. S. L. Tilley being his colleague. Some men would have been perturbed by such a sudden change of opinion, but it did not affect Mr. Wetmore in the least degree. He said very frankly that as he had been on both sides of the Confederation question, he was certain to have been right at least once. It was quite possible that he was right on both occasions, for the plan of union embodied in the British North America Act is a great improvement on the Quebec Scheme, and much more favourable to New Brunswick in a financial sense.

Mr. Wetmore's adhesion to Confed-

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eration gave him strong claims on the party by which it was carried, and, as he was beyond all comparison the most eminent lawyer left in the House of Assembly, it was fitting that he should become Attorney-General and Leader of the new Government, the first formed after Confederation. No one questioned the propriety of his appointment, and during the three years that he was Premier he showed himself equal to every demand that was made upon him. But his mind was not inclined to politics except as a means to an end, and he embraced the earliest opportunity of going on the Bench, becoming a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick in 1870. He attained to this dignified and honourable position soon after he had reached the age of fifty years.

Mr. Wetmore was a man of striking appearance, upwards of six feet in height, with strong features and an air of confidence and resolution which his conduct did not belie. He had won his way to be a leader of the bar by sheer force of character and ability, and in conducting the trial of a case *at nisi prius* he had few equals. He was an excellent speaker, cool and self-possessed under all circumstances, with a cynical, sarcastic and imperturbable manner that was very exasperating to those who were opposed to him. In New Brunswick the Attorney-General still does a good deal of the criminal business, and so Mr. Wetmore's elevation to the leadership of the Government did not remove him from that sphere in which his abilities shone most conspicuously, the bar. While Attorney-General he conducted with success one great criminal prosecution, the trial of John Munroe for murder, one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of crime, and worthy to take rank with the great Webster-Parkman murder case of Massachusetts. The evidence on which the conviction of the murderer was secured was wholly circumstantial, and the manner in which it was presented by Attorney-General Wetmore furnished an ex-

cellent test of his great legal ability.

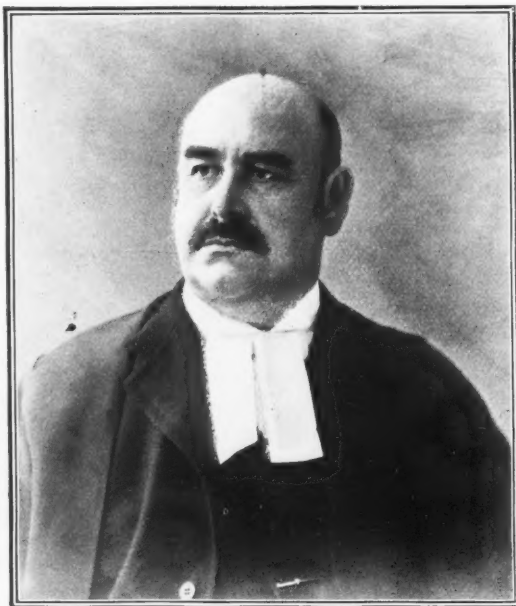
The Hon. George E. King, in June, 1870, succeeded Mr. Wetmore as Attorney-General and Premier of New Brunswick. Mr. King held the office of Attorney-General for eight years, but he was not Premier during the whole of that period, there being an interval of seventeen months from February, 1871, to July, 1872, when the Hon. George L. Hatheway held that position. I shall, therefore, dispose of Mr. Hatheway's premiership, which was ended by his death in July, 1872, before going on to speak more fully of Mr. King's career.

MR. HATHEWAY

enjoyed the distinction of being the only Premier of the Province since Confederation who was not a lawyer. Mr. Hatheway was a farmer and country merchant, but he was a born politician, and he was the very type of man who was likely to be accepted as the representative of a rural constituency. He was a gigantic man in stature,



HON. GEO. L. HATHEWAY.



HON. GEO. E. KING.

On the Supreme Court of Canada.

massive in his proportions, with great lung power and a rough and ready eloquence which suited his purpose far better than the most polished oratory would have done. He had been a member of the legislature as the representative of the County of York for a dozen years prior to Confederation, and for several years he had filled the important office of Chief Commissioner of Public Works, the great spending department of the Provincial Government. Mr. Hatheway held that office in Mr. Tilley's government in 1864, but he differed from his colleagues on the question of Confederation, and when the general elections took place in the early part of 1865, he was found in opposition and carried the County of York against the Government by an overwhelming majority. He became a member of the Smith-Anglin government which was formed on the basis of opposition to Confederation, and he went out of office with it when it re-

signed in April, 1866. He was one of the Anti-Confederate candidates for the County of York at the general elections of that year, but between nomination day and polling day he withdrew from the contest, taking another candidate with him, thereby utterly ruining the chances of his party in that county. For this act, which some attributed to treachery and some to cowardice, he was execrated by those whom he had betrayed, yet he offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the county at the next general election and was returned. The electors of York were ready to forgive his occasional lapses from a high standard of political virtue because he was one of themselves, a resident of the country districts and not a lawyer. Indeed, the

Honourable George L. Hatheway could do things with perfect impunity that would utterly ruin a politician in these days. I have seen him in the midst of his hustings speech on nomination day dispatch a messenger across the street to a tavern for a tumbler of brandy, which he would forthwith proceed to drink with great relish in full view of such of the electors of the County of York as happened to be present. A hustings speech of his would have to be very short which did not demand three or four exhibitions of this kind, and yet his popularity, instead of being impaired, rather seemed to be increased by this display of his liking for good liquor. There was a certain rough appearance of honesty about Mr. Hatheway which was very taking, and had his life been spared he might have continued leader of the Government for many years. Many good stories are told of his rough and ready ways, nearly all of them being of such

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a character as to increase his popularity with his constituents. One that is worth recalling did much to re-establish his reputation for piety at a time when it was greatly in need of such a prop. One Sunday morning, on looking out of the door of his residence on the Nashwaak, he saw a circus marching along the road on its way from Newcastle to Fredericton. Here was a chance to vindicate the majesty of the law that was not to be neglected. Mr. Hatheway placed his stalwart form in the middle of the road and in tones of thunder commanded the procession to halt. He declared that as a magistrate of the County of York he could not permit the sanctity of the Sabbath to be so shamefully violated, and he compelled the circus men to remain where they were until after midnight, when he allowed them to proceed. The news of this vindication of the law was carried to every farmhouse in the County of York, and their truly pious occupants declared that whatever people might say of "George L's" way of living and his fondness for brandy, he was a staunch advocate of the sanctity of the Lord's day. The end of Mr. Hatheway was very sudden and very sad. A slight injury to one of his fingers due to a fall resulted in blood poisoning and caused his death. He was not a model politician. His views of public life and the responsibilities attaching to it were not high, yet there was something attractive in his personality, and when he died there were sincere regrets from many who had neither admired nor loved him when he was in his health and vigour.

THE HON. GEO. E. KING

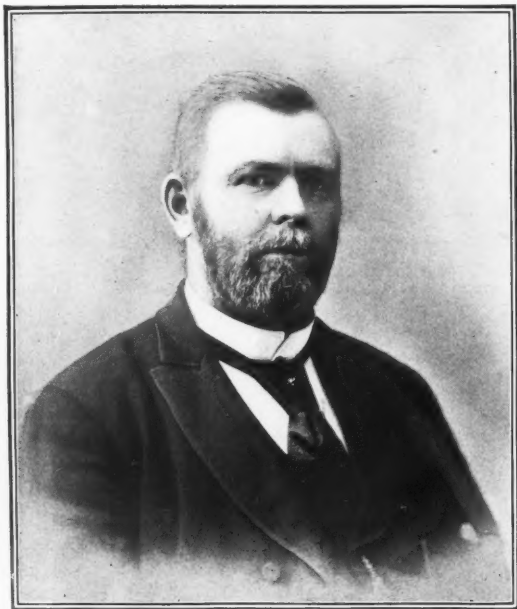
who had been a member of Mr. Hatheway's government, succeeded him as Premier. Mr.

King was only thirty years old when he became Attorney-General of the province, and he had not attained the age of thirty-nine when he retired from provincial politics to become a candidate for the House of Commons. Mr. King's career in provincial politics is therefore that of a comparatively young man who went out of office at a time when his powers were reaching their maturity. His aspirations to become a member of the House of Commons were not destined to be gratified; but it may be safely affirmed that if he had entered Parliament in 1878, and had remained a member until the present time some persons who have made quite a figure in the politics of Canada would never have been heard of; it would not have been necessary for Sir John A. Macdonald to go to the bench of Nova Scotia to find a Minister of Justice, and Sir John Thompson would never have been Premier of Canada.

It has been sometimes said of the late John Bright that if he had not been by birth and education a man of peace



HON. JOHN J. FRASER.



HON. D. L. HANINGTON.

and an enemy of all wars, he would have been a prize-fighter. Something like this might be said of Mr. King, who now adorns the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada. There was a pugnacity and aggressiveness in Mr. King's make-up which stamped him as a leader of men, and he is so many-sided in his views and sympathies that he can take an interest in a horse race or a boat race as well as in some problem of legislation or in a great moral movement. The great glory of Mr. King's administration was the passage of the law for the establishment of common schools in the province. It is true that the Act was passed at the legislative session of 1871, when Mr. Hatheway was Premier; but Mr. King himself was the author of the law and its foremost advocate and supporter, and he continued to maintain it long after Mr. Hatheway was laid in his grave. Prior to the passage of the New Brunswick Common Schools Act, the education of the province was conducted wholly on the voluntary prin-

ciple, the teachers being paid by fees received from the parents of the scholars, and the Government contributing a certain sum out of the general revenues, this payment being based on the class of certificate which the teacher held. Mr. King's Act introduced the assessment principle which is now universal in Canada and the United States. The measure provoked a vigorous opposition, not only from property owners, who objected to be taxed for the education of the children of other people, but also from the Roman Catholics of the province, who demanded separate schools and denounced the schools created under the Act as "Godless." The general election of 1874 was fought out on the

school issue and resulted in the triumph of free schools. The Act was attacked in the Parliament of Canada and great efforts were made to obtain its disallowance. Its constitutionality was called into question before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on the ground that it interfered with rights guaranteed to the Catholics of New Brunswick by the British North America Act; but all attempts to defeat it failed and it went into operation. It has proved a blessing to the Province, for it has more than doubled the attendance of children at the public schools, and this result was mainly achieved by the vigour and determination of Mr. King, who successfully fought the battles of the school law in the Legislature, on the hustings, and before the Privy Council. The excellent public school system of New Brunswick will always remain Mr. King's best monument.

HON. JOHN JAMES FRASER,

was Mr. King's successor in the Premiership. For the seven years pre-

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vious he had been a member of the Government and for six years Provincial Secretary. Mr. Fraser accepted the office of Attorney-General and the responsibilities of the Premiership in May, 1878, and he held these positions for four years, resigning in May, 1882, for the purpose of running as the Conservative candidate for the House of Commons for the County of York. Mr. Fraser was defeated, as his predecessor, Mr. King, had been four years before, but he was soon afterwards appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, and he became Lieutenant-Governor of the Province on the death of the Hon. John Boyd in December, 1893. Mr. Fraser died a few months ago in Italy, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health.

Few men who have ever been in political life have enjoyed the regard and confidence of their fellow-men to the same extent as Mr. Fraser. The reason of this was to be found in the nature of the man, which was genial and kindly, wide in its sympathies, and full of loveable qualities. Mr. Fraser was not a great politician, nor was he a natural leader of men, but he gathered around him a strong support for his Government in the Legislature and in the country, mainly because he was John James Fraser whom no one could help liking. Mr. Fraser was an excellent lawyer, and had built up an extensive practice long before he entered political life. He was opposed to the Quebec scheme of Confederation, and was elected for the County of York on the Anti-Confederation ticket as a colleague of the Hon. George L. Hatheway in 1865. He was defeated at the general elections of 1866 and did not again

become a member of the Legislature for several years. He co-operated heartily with his leader, Mr. King, in the defence of the Common Schools Act, and although his own Premiership was not distinguished by any such notable piece of legislation, it was on the whole successful. A Provincial Premiership does not offer many opportunities for great legislative achievements, so that Mr. Fraser had no chance, even if he had been so disposed, to effect much in the way of important legislation. What rank he would have taken in the Parliament of Canada, if he had succeeded in being elected, can now only be conjectured, nor is the question an important one. His name and memory are securely enshrined in the hearts of his friends, who loved him tenderly, and of whose love he was in every way worthy.

From Confederation down to the close of Mr. Fraser's Premiership there had been no attempt to run the Provincial Government on Dominion party



HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR.

lines. It was not thought that because a man called himself a Liberal or a Conservative in Canadian politics he should be deemed worthy to hold high office in a Provincial Government. Mr. King and Mr. Fraser were both Conservatives, but several of their colleagues in the Government were Liberals, and they were neither supported nor opposed because of the views they held in Dominion politics. But when Mr. Fraser retired from the Government an attempt was made to change the system which had worked so well, and to make it wholly Conservative. The person selected for the Premiership was the

HON. DANIEL L. HANINGTON,

a representative of the County of Westmorland, who had been a member of the Government without office for four years. Mr. Hanington had been a vigorous opponent of the free school system, and was, therefore, an opponent of Mr. King's Government; but the school question being settled, and Mr. King having retired from public life, Mr. Hanington found no difficulty in becoming a member of Mr. Fraser's Government. His succession to the Premiership was a great surprise to many of Mr. Fraser's strongest supporters and caused some unfavourable comment. What Mr. Hanington might have achieved in the way of legislation can never be known because he had no opportunity of carrying out his programme, whatever it may have been. His Government was formed in May, 1882, after the legislature had been prorogued and it was defeated in the following February, a few days after the new House met. Mr. Hanington's Premiership, therefore, lasted only nine months. He went into opposition and continued to be the leader of the opponents of Mr. Blair's Government in the Legislature for several years, finally becoming a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick. Mr. Hanington never was a great success as a political leader, and this, perhaps, may be due to the fact that he was always so des-

perately in earnest. He overwhelmed his enemies with such torrents of invective that words seemed to lose their ordinary significance, and to weigh only one-half or one-third as much as if they had been said by another. It was the same fault which Goldsmith discerned in Dr. Johnson when he said to him: "Doctor, if you wrote a book about little fishes you would make all your little fishes talk like whales." It is clear that if a political leader denounces the unwarranted expenditure of ten dollars on a by-road as "the most infamous outrage that ever was perpetrated by any government," he has rendered himself bankrupt in the use of words for any greater occasion. If some of our public men would give their attention to this feature of political oratory they would greatly strengthen their hold on the people. As for Mr. Hanington, he is now in a sphere of usefulness and duty in which words have to be measured and weighed, and where language has an exact meaning. The only occasions on which he can indulge himself in flights of oratory are the meetings of the Synod of the Church of England, of which he is a constant attendant, to the great edification of the clergy and laity who assemble at these ecclesiastical gatherings.

THE HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR

moved the vote of want of confidence which defeated Mr. Hanington's Government in 1883, and he succeeded him as Premier. Mr. Blair had sat in the previous Legislature as a representative of the County of York, and had been chosen to lead the Opposition, which was not at that time a very strong body. The defeat of the Government was secured in 1883 by a very narrow majority, and when he became Premier his opponents predicted, with great confidence, that his Government would not last long. No one then believed that the Government which Mr. Blair formed was destined to live for more than thirteen years. Yet so it was; Mr. Blair held the Premiership of the province longer than any of his

predecessors, and he left the Government at a time when it was stronger in the Legislature and in the country than it had ever been before.

Mr. Blair is now Minister of Railways and Canals in the Dominion Government, and the people of Canada are likely to have many opportunities of estimating his ability as a leader in a larger field than that he occupied when merely a provincial premier. This makes it unnecessary to say much in regard to his abilities, for, like all great leaders, his grasp of a political situation increases at every fresh demand that is made upon him. As Premier of New Brunswick he was a real leader, and his was the guiding mind which dominated and directed every movement. To keep a government together for so long a term of years without the aid of party discipline was surely a task of no common magnitude, but to so manage it that its strength became greater in each successive Legislature was the highest test of political ability. This achievement stands to the credit of Mr. Blair. It was Mr. Blair's great success as leader of a provincial government that induced Mr. Laurier to ask him to become a member of the new Government of Canada. Up to the present time Mr. Blair's work at Ottawa has been mainly that of a hard-worked head of a great department, but already his great ability is beginning to be recognized by those who have been watching him closely, and should he remain in public life there is no position in the Government which he may not hope to attain. Mr. Blair is an excellent speaker and a man of striking appearance, and although prematurely grey is still in the full vigour of his powers. No one can doubt that his career as a Cabinet Minister of Canada will be brilliant and successful. Contrasted with some of

those who have occupied similar positions in the Government, Mr. Blair must appear a giant indeed.

Mr. Blair's successor as Premier of New Brunswick was the

HON. JAMES MITCHELL,

who had been a member of his government from the beginning. Mr. Mitchell, who is a lawyer and a representative of the County of Charlotte, has held successively the offices of Surveyor-General, Provincial Secretary and Attorney-General, and has proved himself a careful and efficient departmental officer. Unfortunately, since he became premier the condition of his health has been such as to prevent him from taking an active part in the work of the Legislature, so that his opportunities of showing his qualities of leadership have been greatly restricted.

New Brunswick has had seven premiers since confederation, and three of them at least have been men of marked ability. Two of them have been men who were fit for any position in the government of Canada, even to the premiership, and none of them have been deficient in talent. All have been natives of the province which they governed, and animated with a sincere desire to promote its welfare. Four of them became judges of the Supreme Court of the province, one of them afterwards rising to be a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, and another attaining to the position of Lieutenant-Governor. One of them now holds an important portfolio in the Government of Canada, while another remains the incumbent of the office to which he succeeded a few months ago, and it is the hope of all his friends, and they are many, that he may continue to fill it with renewed health and vigour.

James Hannay.



FROM A SPECIAL DRAWING.

COLOURS PRESENTED TO 10TH ROYALS ON JULY 6TH, 1863.

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FROM A SPECIAL DRAWING.

COLOURS PRESENTED TO 10TH ROYAL GRENADIERS ON MAY 24TH, 1897.

THE ROYAL GRENADIERS' COLOURS.

With Two Special Illustrations.

AN event all but unique in the history of the Dominion of Canada, and wholly so as far as the Province of Ontario is concerned, took place on Monday, May 24th, 1897, the Queen's Birthday, on University Lawn, Toronto, when new colours were presented to the "Royal Grenadiers" of Canada, in place of those they had carried for just thirty-four years.

But once previously in the history of Canada has a militia regiment replaced its first colours, worn out in honourable service, with new ones, and that case occurred in the Province of Quebec and is now a matter of somewhat ancient history. The event of May 24th marks an epoch in the military history not only of Toronto but of the Province of Ontario, and for that reason, if for no other, is worthy of more notice than it would otherwise receive.

The custom of carrying standards by bodies of troops, around which they rallied in the day of battle, is one of great antiquity, having existed from the very earliest period in the history of England. Until the year 1660 the British army as a national force did not exist, it being in January of that

year that King Charles II. issued his royal warrant sanctioning the enrolment of the new force. Up to that time the English soldiery were local rather than national troops, and each company, troop, or regiment was absolutely independent of all other military organisations and was under the command of its own captain or colonel, who in turn was responsible to the King, and to no one else. There was no centralisation, no War Office in Pall Mall, no Horse Guards, no Adjutant-General nor Quartermaster-General, no Commander-in-Chief save the King, and each commanding officer was a law unto himself.

The new force consisted of three troops of Life Guards, one regiment of Cavalry besides, and two regiments of Foot Guards. This was the nucleus of the standing army of England, which in the two hundred and thirty years of its existence has done such noble service in all parts of the globe.

"Each of these corps," says Milne, "was thoroughly complete and efficiently equipped in every respect, and in accordance with custom each troop or company had its own stand-

ard or ensign, bearing some device, or possibly numbered; a certain similarity was common throughout all the colours of one regiment, so that the regiment and company could be distinguished at a glance."

The feudal system had indeed disappeared; the baron or knight leading his retainers to the field under his own banner or knightly pennon had become a thing of the past; but in the cavalry of the contending forces at the commencement of the civil war, just prior to the period I am now speaking of, each captain raised his own troop, displaying on his standard such devices as he thought proper. Such, in brief, was the origin of regimental colours.

The first record we have after this of colours being presented to a British regiment was on February 13th, 1661, when a royal warrant was issued to the Earl of Sandwich, requiring him, as Master of the Great Wardrobe, "forthwith to cause to be made and provided twelve colours or ensigns for our regiment of Foot Guards, . . . each of which to have such distinctions of some of our Royal Badges, painted in oil as our trusty and well beloved servant, Sir Edward Walker, Knight, Garter King-at-Arms, should direct."

From that date until the present time there has been no variation in the British army from the custom that all regiments of regular infantry—with the sole exception of rifle regiments—should have as part and parcel of themselves a stand of colours of never less than two flags, the Royal (King's or Queen's) and the Regimental. The latter is a survival of the old company standard or ensign referred to by Milne.

Having said thus much on the history of regimental colours, I pass on to the history of the colours belonging to our Canadian militia regiments, and more especially to those of the Royal Grenadiers of Canada, which is numerically the 10th Battalion in the Canadian militia, and has had an uninterrupted existence—though re-organized in 1880—of just thirty-five years, its

formation having been authorized by General Orders dated Quebec, March 14th, 1862. There are only six regiments in the militia infantry of Canada senior in point of service to the Royal Grenadiers, viz., the 1st Prince of Wales Regiment of Montreal, organized November 17th, 1859; the 2nd Q.O.R. of Canada, April 26th, 1860; the 3rd Victoria Rifles of Canada, January 10th, 1862; the 6th Fusiliers of Montreal, organized January 31st, 1862, the first corps in the Dominion who received a second stand of colours in place of their original standards; the 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec, who are exactly fourteen days senior to the Grenadiers, having been organized February 28th, 1862; and the 9th Rifles, Voltigeurs of Quebec, whose date of organization is March 7th, in the same year. Though the 5th Royal Scots of Canada are numerically prior to the Grenadiers, as are also the 7th Fusiliers of London, both these battalions are in length of service many years junior to the Grenadiers, the first having been organized in 1872 and the second in 1866.

The Canadian militia has existed in the Province of Ontario, or, as it was, previous to Confederation, called Upper Canada, since 1793. In that period, of rather more than a century, Toronto has witnessed the presentation of colours to various militia corps on five different occasions. The first time was in 1812, when the ladies of York (Toronto), headed by Miss Powell, presented the 3rd Regiment, East York Militia, with a stand of colours, one of which is still in existence, and reposes in the library of Moss Park, the residence of Senator Hon. G. W. Allan. The ceremony on that occasion took place in the Anglican Church of St. James, and the Rector of York, Dr. John Strachan, not only consecrated the standards but preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. Of those who were present at that service only one survivor is left, who now, in her honoured old age, resides in Ottawa.

Twenty-one years passed by before there was another similar function in York, and that occurred on June 4th,

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1833, when the ladies of York presented a volunteer artillery company, whose headquarters were in Toronto, with a Royal Standard. This gift must have been more in the nature of an appreciative compliment from the ladies than anything else, as it is well known that batteries of artillery do not carry standards of any description, either on parade or in actual warfare. This particular artillery company must have been almost a private affair, a military club, in fact, as there is no mention of it in any of the old militia lists, and no record by whom it was officered.

Three decades passed away before another presentation of colours took place, and that event was on July 6th, 1863, when the 10th Royal Regiment of Toronto Volunteers, the present Royal Grenadiers, received that stand of colours which, after having been honourably carried for thirty-four years, were, on the last anniversary of the Sovereign's birth, replaced by new ones. For the first time in the history of the Canadian Militia, in Upper Canada at least, was enacted the ceremony of "trooping" the colours, performed by the 10th Royals in the presence of Colonel Robertson, R.E., the officer commanding the garrison and an immense number of spectators. These colours, like those already referred to, were a gift to the regiment from Mrs. Cumberland, wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, and a committee of Toronto ladies. By the cuts which are given it will be seen that they differ somewhat from those new ones just confided to the care of the corps, though the general design is the same.

Another thirty years passed by, and again did the ladies of Toronto evince their appreciation of the military spirit of their townsmen and their love for their Queen and her soldiers, by presenting the 48th Highlanders with a stand of colours, shortly after the organization of that corps on 24th May, 1891.

The last occasion of the sort was on May 24th just past, when the Royal Grenadiers received on behalf of the ladies of Toronto, from the hands of

Mrs. Grasett, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Grasett, who commanded the Royal Grenadiers for nearly eight years and was present with them in command all through the Northwest Rebellion, the new flags which are represented in the cut. The day was an ideal one as regards the weather, and the whole scene was one of striking beauty. The vast crowds of spectators which surrounded the University lawn on all sides, the trees clad in their most lovely verdure, the stately building of the University in the background, the scarlet of the men's uniform in contrast with the rich green of the level sward whereon they stood, all combined to produce a picture which for beauty and impressiveness it would be hard to equal. The troops were under command of Lieutenant-Colonel James Mason, who served with the corps in the Northwest Rebellion, where he was severely wounded, and there were in addition among the officers who had served in the same campaign and wore the war medal, Captains Boyd and Brooke, and Surgeon-Major King, besides some few N. C. O's. and privates.

Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski, K.C.M.G., Hon. A.D.C. to the Queen, was the senior officer present, and before him as reviewing officer the troop took place.

The subalterns who received the colours from Mrs. Grasett were Lieutenants S. F. Sloane and James C. Mason. Every officer of the battalion, with only three unavoidable exceptions, was on parade, and the rank and file numbered about 400 bayonets.

Before concluding this paper a brief history of the regiment which has just been honoured may be fitly given. Though, as compared with English militia regiments, some of which have been in existence for a century or even more, it is still but a young corps, yet among Canadian regiments it is of very respectable antiquity, it being only about two years junior to the Queen's Own Rifles, and rather more than two years to the 1st Prince of Wales' Regiment of Quebec.

The other infantry battalions senior to it are only so by a few weeks, in one case by but a few days.

It obtained its first stand of colours in July, 1863, and did excellent service in the Fenian Raid of 1866, besides furnishing two companies for frontier duty to prevent raids by Southern sympathisers during the American Civil War. It was reorganized in 1880 as a six-company battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Grasett, and very shortly afterwards its name was amplified from the "10th Royal Regiment of Toronto Volunteers" to that of "10th Batt. Royal Grenadiers of Canada." On the breaking out of the Northwest Rebellion in 1885 the Royal Grenadiers furnished a four-company contingent of about 270 officers and men to Major-General Middleton's force. Throughout the entire campaign the men of this contingent did their duty loyally, and on the field of Batoche lost Lieutenant W. C. Fitch, who was shot through the heart as he cheered on his men, and Private Moore, while Major Dawson, Captains Manley and Mason and fourteen N.C. O's. and men were wounded, some of whom afterwards succumbed to their injuries. After Batoche a portion of the regiment was detached in pursuit of the Indian Chief, Big Bear. The Royal Grenadiers returned to Toronto with the remainder of the Field Force on July 23rd, 1885, and received, as was only to be expected, a well earned and enthusiastic reception from their fellow-townsmen. On May 13th, 1886, the medals won in the Northwest and granted by the Imperial authorities, were presented to those entitled to receive them by Major-General Middleton, in Toronto. On November 15th, 1888, the Colours of the Regiment were handed to them from the ladies of Toronto, with the "honour" of "Batoche" embroidered on the regimental standard. The scene is described as follows in the "History of the Royal Grenadiers" recently published:

His Worship the Mayor, Mr. E. F. Clarke, addressing the commanding officer, said:

"Col. Dawson, officers and men of the Royal Grenadiers, I have to congratulate you on behalf of your fellow-citizens for the noble name the regiment has earned. These colours were given you in July, 1863, and the same lady who then presented the colours to the regiment will do so now."

Mrs. F. W. Cumberland then came forward and in clear tones said: "A quarter of a century ago, on 7th July, 1863, I had the honour, on behalf of the ladies of Toronto, of presenting these colours to the regiment. We have watched with pride and joy the course of the regiment, and having embroidered the word 'Batoche' on their folds, now return them to you with renewed confidence that the Royal Grenadiers will be ever loyal and true, 'Ready, aye Ready.'"

Col. Dawson, in a few well-chosen words, warmly thanked Mrs. Cumberland and the ladies of Toronto, not alone for their addition to the colours, but for the warm sympathy and good wishes which incited them all to do their best.

Hon. G. W. Allan, addressing Lieut.-Col. Dawson and the officers of the Royal Grenadiers, said it gave him great pleasure to be with them on the occasion. He referred to a similar occurrence nearly three-quarters of a century previously, when the ladies of Toronto gave colours to the "Third Regiment of York Militia," his father being in command of the regiment, whose motto was "Deeds Speak."

The Royal Grenadiers now form a ten-company battalion, having been raised to eight companies during the command of Lieut.-Colonel Grasett, and to ten in that of Lieut.-Colonel Dawson. In the thirty-five years of the existence of the regiment its commanding officers have been Lieutenant-Colonels F. W. Cumberland, A. Brunel, John Boxall, William Stollery, G. A. Shaw, H. J. Grasett, G. D. Dawson and the present C. O., James Mason.

One word more before conclusion in reference to the devices on the regimental colours. The Imperial crown in the uppermost right-hand corner, as the spectator stands before the flag, signifies that the regiment is a Royal one, the Maple Leaf below it is emblematic of the Dominion, and the grenade in the lower left-hand corner typifies the fact that the corps is a Grenadier Regiment. The Bison charging is in commemoration of the services rendered in the Northwest by the Grenadiers, and it is fitly placed beneath the honour of "Batoche," where

Toronto did the

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Toronto's citizen soldiers so gallantly
did their duty.

That the Dominion may be spared
the horrors of war is the fervent prayer
of all, even while they take pride in
their soldiers and honour them, officers
and privates alike, for the sacrifices
they make in their country's service.

Should the day ever come though
when peace has to be broken there is
no doubt that Toronto's regiments will
respond readily to the call, one and all
they will "Fight for the Grand Old
Flag," none more cheerfully than the
Royal Grenadiers; they will be "Ready,
aye Ready."

Thos. E. Champion.



ENGLAND'S ALLIES.

BRITANNIA fronts the gathering blast,
Her look is proud and high ;
She counts the despot's armies vast,
Hears Freedom's warning cry.

"Too great is England!" now's the word—
"And humbled must she be,
Whose speech in every land is heard,
Who rules the furthest sea."

The Russian hosts are gathering fast,
Brute hordes of force and might ;
Where e'er their blighting steps have passed
Dies Freedom, Life and Light.

While to the West the mob-ruled land,
False friend,—but constant foe,—
Waits as of yore, with treacherous hand
To strike the coward's blow.

But not alone she fronts the storm,
But backed by stalwart ones,
Who gather round that warlike form,
Old England has her sons !

From the "true North" to India vast,
From every land and sea,—
The Saxon race will rally fast
Her "Sons of Liberty."

Ye banded nations, think again !
Lest haply ye may own,—
Blood-stained and torn, in grief and pain,—
"The lion's whelps have grown !"

Reginald Gourlay.

THE QUEEN VICTORIA NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

"Moreover, he has left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE readers of Shakespeare's noble tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" need not be told that the above passage is taken from Marc Antony's speech to his countrymen gathered in the Forum round the body of the murdered Cæsar. To rouse the indignation of his hearers against Brutus and the other conspirators Antony first recounts the brilliant victories which the "Great Julius" had won for his country, and then he tells them, apparently very reluctantly, that Cæsar had by his will made the citizens of Rome his heirs and left them among other things his beautiful park on the banks of the Tiber.

The result shows how keenly the Romans appreciated this last gift of the ever-generous Cæsar.

This gift of Cæsar to his countrymen has been brought to my mind when reading the last Report* of the Niagara Falls Park Commissioners, to which this article is due, and it seemed to me that the extract from Marc Antony's speech given above would serve as a not inappropriate introduction to the story of a gift recently made to the Province of Ontario, a gift similar in kind, but much more splendid in character, than that of Cæsar to the Romans. The gift, I mean, of the noble park at the Falls—gift we may surely call it, for it has cost us nothing, and belongs to us and our heirs forever.

"To walk abroad and recreate ourselves" in the elevating and inspiring presence, too, of one of Nature's grandest works! The park is, I have said, a gift to the people of Ontario. But is it not more? Is it not in truth a gift to all the lovers of the grand and

beautiful in nature, Parthians, Medes and Elamites included, who come like pilgrims to a sacred shrine, to visit that marvel of beauty and grandeur—the Falls of Niagara!

The Commissioners' Report to which I have referred presents itself in an attractive and artistic form, very unusual in Parliamentary blue books. The printing and paper are alike excellent, and the numerous illustrations, giving some of the most striking views both of the Falls and of the park, are in the best style of photogravure. The report itself gives a full and very readable account of the varied work done by the Commissioners. Entering, as they are, on the second decade of their existence, the Commissioners have thought it well to mark the occasion by "giving somewhat in detail the history of the park's scheme from its first suggestion to the present time." The story of the genesis and rapid growth of this important undertaking is one which reflects credit on the Government of Ontario and on all who have been connected with the work. To our brilliant ex-Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, in so many ways so honourably associated with the history of the Dominion, is unquestionably due, as the Commissioners are careful to record, the first public suggestion and the first official action in connection with the park. In the summer of 1878, on the occasion of a casual meeting with the then Governor of the State of New York, Lord Dufferin suggested joint action by the Government of that State and the Government of Ontario in order to rescue from the clutches of the van-

* The Report for the year 1895 is the one referred to.

dals who, for their sordid purposes, were rapidly destroying all the natural beauties of the scene. Lord Dufferin followed up his suggestion by an able appeal to the Ontario Government, subsequently pressing the matter on the attention of the Canadian people in his address at the opening in 1879 of the Provincial Exhibition in Toronto. Though the scheme suggested by Lord Dufferin was at first looked upon by many as impracticable and visionary, his eloquent advocacy of it soon bore fruit. On the 2nd of March, 1880, a memorial signed by nearly seven hundred literary and scientific men in England, the United States and Canada, was presented simultaneously to the Governor-General of Canada and the Governor of the State of New York, invoking the united action of both in carrying out Lord Dufferin's proposal. Did space permit we should like to give this unique memorial *in extenso*, because it is impossible better to explain the moral and intellectual grounds on which the joint endorsement of the two Governments was sought in a matter which the memorialists claimed to be "a proper concern of the civilized world." No action was taken by the Ontario Government on this memorial until 1885. Four years before that date, however, the Legislature of the State of New York had passed "an Act to authorize the selection, location and appropriation of certain lands in the Village of Niagara Falls for a State reservation and to preserve the scenery of the Falls of Niagara."

Under the provisions of this Act, the New York State Commissioners secured about "107 acres of land, embracing what was known as "Prospect Park," together with Goat and Bath Islands and the small adjacent islets, with a strip along the main shore to Port Day, etc., at a total cost, including arbitration and other incidental charges, of nearly a million and a half dollars. The delay in the action of the Ontario Government was caused by their belief that the subject was one which should properly be dealt with by

the Dominion Government. When, however, it became manifest that there was no prospect of this being done, the Provincial Government in March, 1885, passed an Act "for the preservation of the natural scenery about Niagara Falls." This Act authorized the appointment of a Board of Commissioners whose duties were "to select such lands in the vicinity of the Falls as would in their opinion be proper to acquire for the purposes of restoring the scenery to its natural conditions and to preserve the same from further deterioration, as well as to afford the visitors facilities for observing the points of interest in the vicinity."

On the 25th of April, 1885, or within less than a month of the passing of the above Act, Col. Gzowski, now Sir Casimir Gzowski, Messrs. J. W. Langmuir and J. Grant McDonald were appointed Commissioners under its provisions.

The Commissioners were all men of proved business capacity in whom the public had entire confidence. Under their advice an area of territory in the neighbourhood of the Falls, embracing about 154 acres, and extending from the Clifton House southward to and including Cedar and Dufferin Islands, was secured for the purposes of a public park at a cost of \$436,000.

The Government of Ontario, in authorizing the establishment of the park, had wisely laid it down as an indispensable condition that the park should not entail a permanent financial burden on the Province; and, consequently, that the interest on the cost of the land, as well as all other necessary current expenses and incidental charges should eventually be borne out of the park revenue. How to find the ways and means to provide this necessary revenue was, the Commissioners inform us, by no means the least difficult part of the task imposed upon them. The territory of 154 acres was subsequently increased by the acquirement of the chain reserve along the Niagara River from Fort Erie to the town of Niagara, a distance of twenty-two



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THE QUEEN VICTORIA NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

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AMERICAN FALLS, VIEWED FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

miles, and all the lands lying below the high bank of the river, as well as the reserve at Queenston Heights. The entire area now vested in the Commissioners amounts to 675 acres, not including the water lots or lands under water.

The Commissioners inform us that they kept constantly in view from the first the necessity of promptly undertaking the improvement of the various properties placed from time to time under their jurisdiction and of bringing them as far as possible in harmony with the natural surroundings, while at the same time making every practicable provision for the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors. The Commissioners were, however, reluctantly compelled to hasten slowly. The revenue derived from the park for many years was very small, while a large amount was required for the half-yearly interest of debentures which they had to meet. To exercise the most rigid economy, to content themselves for several years with merely keeping the grounds in good order and condition and to forego for the time any improvement, however desirable, which involved any considerable expenditure was, therefore, absolutely necessary. Bearing this in mind, all who now walk through the

beautiful and well-kept grounds of the park will be disposed to give the Commissioners ample credit for the good work which in the face of these difficulties they have accomplished. But those only can fully appreciate the character and extent of that work who were familiar with the place before it came under their control. They only can recognize what an immense improvement has been effected sweeping away the hideous eye-sores with which bad taste or greed had disfigured the grounds, and they only will be ready to do full justice to the taste and skill which have been brought to bear in laying out the park in such a way as to bring out to advantage all the great natural beauties of this glorious piece of the Creator's handiwork.



THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

They, too, alone can tell what a boon has been secured to the visitors to the Falls by rescuing them from the attacks of the crowds of sharks, hucksters and pedlars, who used to infest the place, taxing so heavily their purse and temper. All these pests are now banished as effectually as the vermin were banished from Ireland by its patron Saint, and the lover of nature is now allowed to enjoy in peace and quiet the beauty of the glorious scene before him.

If the visitor who returns to the park after an absence of many years should be a native of Scotland, he may possibly, as he contrasts the difference between the now and then, recall the distich with which some local poet celebrated the worthy who made the first good roads through a rough and mountainous region of the Highlands :

" Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd bless the memory of General Wade."

So far the Commissioners *sacro vate carent*. They have found no sacred poet to immortalize their labours.

Part of the territory quite recently placed under the jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners is the historic and picturesque grounds (12 acres in extent) formerly known as the military reserve of Queenston Heights—where, in 1812, was fought the celebrated battle, and where on the summit of the mountain, commanding an outlook over the smiling and fruitful country and across the Ontario Lake, now stands the noble monument erected to the hero of the battle, the illustrious Major-General Brock, who met his death upon the field. The grounds and the monument in question had for many years been under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Government, but had not been maintained, the Commissioners tell us, "in a manner worthy of the monument or of the hero it commemorates."

Every patriotic Canadian will rejoice to know that these interesting historic grounds with which "so many glorious associations are connected" have been

placed under the control of the Commissioners, thereby ensuring their proper care and preservation in the future. Already, indeed, although scarcely a year has elapsed since the property came into their hands, a marked improvement has been effected in the aspect of the place. The dense growth of brush obstructing the view has been removed, new paths made, new vistas opened and much done in various ways for the convenience of the many visitors to this favourite resort which it is well that every young Canadian should visit on patriotic as well as aesthetic grounds.

In reading the report of the Commissioners, one cannot fail to be struck with the number of difficult and complicated questions, legal, engineering and financial, with which they have had to deal. In the engineering department, fortunately, they have had the benefit of the services and experience not only of the Park Superintendent, a competent civil engineer, but also the great professional knowledge of Sir Casimir Gzowski, first Chairman of the Commission; while in their financial difficulties they have had the advantage of the large business experience and ability of Mr. J. W. Langmuir, who succeeded Sir Casimir Gzowski as Chairman of the Board on the retirement of the former in 1892.

The geographic monograph on the history of the Falls, by Prof. Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey, which is appended to the report, will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in the grand operations of natural agents, giving, as it does, a scientific account of the formation through the "aeons of the ages" of the present bed of the Niagara River and also of the slow but constant recession during many thousand years of the mighty cataract from the Queenston Heights to its present position, a distance of fourteen miles.

The partial list of the "flora" of the Falls furnished by the chief gardener of the park, contained in the appendix to the report, shows that in addition to its many other attractive features, the

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Falls Park is a perfect paradise for botanists and supplies a most interesting field for the lovers of natural history. In this connection the Commissioners quote the remark of Professor Macoun, the Dominion botanist: "I consider Queenston Heights, the valley of the Niagara River and the neighbourhood of the falls, as far up as Chippewa, the best botanical grounds in Canada."

The thanks, not merely of this community, but of the lovers of nature everywhere, are assuredly due to the Government of Ontario for the enlightened spirit they have shown in promoting the establishment of the Niagara Park, and for their practical wisdom in carrying out the scheme. Like thanks are also due to the Commissioners for the zeal and ability with which they have discharged (without fee or reward, be it remembered) the important public trust committed to their charge.

The most important work accomplished by the Commissioners in connection with the park is, doubtless, the construction of the electric railway, eight miles in length along the north bank of the Niagara River, to connect Queenston and Chippewa, the former being the most westerly port on Lake Ontario, and the latter the most easterly on Lake Erie. This road, which is substantially constructed and admirably equipped, is a wonderful boon to the ordinary excursionist, as he is enabled thereby to reach Table Rock without the fatigue of a walk of two miles and a half from the Grand Trunk depot. It moreover gives him access to many points of special interest on the river which previously were beyond his reach. The Commissioners receive a rental of \$10,000 per annum from the railway company for the right of way and other privileges. This sum, with \$25,000 per annum (to be raised after ten years to \$35,000) received from another company for the franchise of the use for commercial purposes of a portion of the enormous water of the Falls, and the sum of \$8,200 per annum as rent for a stone building used as a restaurant and other purposes, yield together an amount which very

nearly suffices for the payment of the annual interest and sinking fund as well as for the maintenance of the park. So that it is necessary only to supplement it by levying a small toll on such of the visitors to the park as desire to see points of interest where guides or costly structural appliances are needed. It may be well to add that the electric railway has not in any way impaired any of the natural beauties of the place, nor has the leasing of a portion of the water power sensibly diminished the volume of water passing over the Falls. Under the Commissioners' regime the natural attractions of the Falls and its neighbourhood and the facilities for seeing them have been, as we have seen, greatly increased in many ways, and we cannot be surprised to find that as a consequence the number of visitors has also been correspondingly increased. In 1866 the estimated number of visitors was two hundred thousand; last year it was five hundred thousand.

Here perhaps we might pause, but we cannot but feel that our story of the park would be incomplete if it did not contain some description of the most striking features of the Falls themselves. It would be the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. The most satisfactory way perhaps of executing this duty would be to present the reader with selections taken either from the Commissioners' Report or Mr. Barham's volume, called "*Niagara*,"* giving some of the best descriptions of the Falls, rapids and other objects of interest by the most celebrated persons who have left a record of their impressions. Among these worthies Father Hennepin is doubtless entitled to the place of honour, as he was probably the first European who looked upon the Falls, certainly the first of whose visit we have any record. Two short extracts from Father Hennepin's volume, published in 1689, will suffice for our present purpose. They have a distinct mediæval flavour: "*Betwixt the Lakes Ontario*

* This volume, published about 50 years ago, contains descriptions of Niagara by various travellers.



THE WHIRLPOOL.

and Erie there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. 'Tis true, Italy Suedland boasts of some such thing, but we may well say they are but sorry patterns when compared to this of which we now speak. At the foot of this horrible precipice we meet with the River Niagara, which is not above a quarter of a league broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this descent that it violently hurries down the wild beasts while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its current, which inevitably casts them headlong above six hundred feet high.

"This wonderful downfall is compounded of two great cross streams of water, and two falls with an isle sloping along the middle of it. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder, for when the wind blows out of the south their dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off."

One cannot be surprised that to the eye of the excited and awe-struck priest "the terrible precipice" should have seemed "above six hundred feet high."

Among the many distinguished men and women whose descriptions we have before us are, Captain Basil Hall, J. S. Buckingham, N. P. Willis, Tom Moore, Major Hamilton (author of "Cyril Thornton"), Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Sigourney, Charles Dickens, the Duke of Argyle, and last, but not least, our Canadian litterateur, the Rev. Principal Grant of Queen's College, with many others—a perfect literary symposium. What Tom Moore, the popular and eloquent Irish poet wrote about the Falls cannot fail to be read with interest. We feel that it is a poet who writes: "I felt as if approaching the residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which enthusiasm alone can produce. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration which I never before experienced. Oh, bring the atheist here and he cannot return an atheist. I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders. It is impossible by pen or pencil to give even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless, and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara."

This feeling on Moore's part may account for his not attempting to write any poems on the subject. I should like to give some descriptions by other writers, especially Major Hamilton and the Duke of Argyle, but I must be content with quoting here one or two striking and eloquent passages from Charles Dickens' notes on America, written in 1842, telling of his emotions when standing for the first time on Table Rock.

"It was not until I came to Table Rock, and looked, Great Heaven! on what a fall of bright green water, that



THE HORSESHOE FALLS FROM BELOW.

it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing. The first effect and enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was peace, peace of mind, tranquillity, calm, recollection of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness, nothing of gloom and terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever."

The preceding extracts all refer to the view of the "Horse Shoe Falls" ("the crowning glory" of the whole scene as the Commissioners rightly call it), as seen in spring or summer or autumn. Glorious and beautiful the Falls assuredly are at all these seasons, and each season has its own special charms, but never perhaps are they so dazzling, so terribly beautiful, never do they exhibit such a variety of strange, wondrous and fantastic forms as when after weeks of continued and intense cold they have arrayed themselves in their gorgeous winter apparel. Then all things within the influence of the "everlasting incense of the waters," to use Fanny Kemble's words—

"Seem to suffer a *Frost* change
Into something rich and strange."

Objects mean and unsightly in themselves are then converted for the nonce into things of beauty under their mantle of pearly frozen spray or feathery rime. Look! What magnificent and exquisite creations have come into existence under the wonder-working wand of the Frost King! Here, with giant arm he has piled up his mighty ice-cones, fashioned his colossal columns of ice, or hung out behind the tumbling waters his great curtains of jewelled icicles. There, he has spun out as with fairy fingers (should I not say breathed out?) those gossamer and feathery formations which Principal Grant describes so graphically in the following passage:

"After a few days of hard frost in winter the Falls become more like a vision of some enchanted land than a

real scene in the world we are living in. No marvels wrought by genii and magicians in Eastern tales could surpass the wonderful creations that rise along the surrounding banks and hang over the walls of the cataract. Glittering wreaths of icicles like jewelled diadems gleam on the brow of every projecting rock and jutting crag. Arches, pillars and porticos of shining splendour are grouped beneath the overhanging cliffs, giving fanciful suggestions of fairy palaces beyond. Every fallen fragment of rock under its icy covering becomes a marble column, pyramid or obelisk, and masses of frozen spray stand up here and there in graceful and statuesque forms, easily shaped by imagination into the half-finished work of a sculptor."

Did space permit I should like to give some description of the rapids both above and below the Falls which in the opinion of some competent judges "possess more interest and beauty than even the Falls themselves" and particularly of the marvellous "beauty of the Great Canon" below the Falls, holding in its grasp the aggregated volume of water hurled over the two great Falls. Or again of the lovely spot locally known as "Foster's Flats," a mile below the whirlpool, a spot heretofore but rarely visited by ordinary tourists. Space, however, forbids, especially as my intention in this paper is to confine myself to that portion of the large area under the control of the Commissioners lying south of Clifton House on the banks of the river which the Commissioners propose especially to designate as "The Niagara Falls Park."

The writer will be excused for introducing here some notice of his personal experiences at the Falls, especially as some of the phenomena which it was his good fortune to witness are unusual and are certainly but seldom mentioned in the published descriptions of the Falls. Early in the forties and the fifties the writer made several visits to the Falls in winter at times when they presented some of their most magnificent winter aspects. On one

visit near the end of a winter of exceptionally intense and steady cold the ice formations were on a truly colossal scale. The columns of thick-ribbed ice on the Canadian side were of extraordinary dimensions, some upwards of 20 or 30 feet across at the base. Here and there these mighty pillars, which seem placed by the Divine Architect to support the overhanging cliffs, were shot with streaks of bright colours. A noble ice cone (like the famous cones at the Falls of Montmorency in Quebec) was formed under the Horse Shoe Fall near the Canadian side, about 2-3 of the height of the Falls. The cone sloped inwards to the land, and steps having been cut in the ice, the writer had little difficulty in climbing to the top of the cone and standing just at the edge of the mighty sheet of water. When looking down one could "snatch a trembling glance" into the dread abyss. It was a strange and not to be forgotten experience. On the same occasion, the exact date I do not know, the writer was able, owing to the screen of thick curtains of icicles which hung down from the rocks behind the sheet of water, to pass behind the Falls, as far as "Termination Rock" without being wet, though dispensing with the usual oilskin wrappings without which at other times one would be drenched in a few seconds. It was no doubt on this same occasion that he witnessed the extraordinary phenomenon of a mighty ice jam above the American Falls, over which but little water was then passing, when people crossed to and fro on the ice between the American side and Goat Island.

One more personal reminiscence must not be omitted, although the subject is neither heroic nor æsthetic. It was a rude wooden tombstone-like tablet place on the bank of the river about a hundred yards from Table Rock, under the guardianship of the "genius loci," a one-legged old soldier, who eked out his living in some way from the tablet. On this rude monument was recorded the sad fate of an unfortunate young woman who had lost her life while endeavouring to pick

a plant growing on the brow of the cliff. After stating the cause of her untimely death and that the young lady was "very remarkable for her botanical requirements," and a favourite pupil of Professor Field, it concluded with the following somewhat rugged and uncouth, if pathetic, lines :

"Ladies! most beauteous of the human race,
Beware of a dangerous place;
For at the age of twenty-three
Martha Rugg was launched into eternity."

Those who were familiar with the Falls forty years ago will probably remember this unique monument and pardon its mention here.

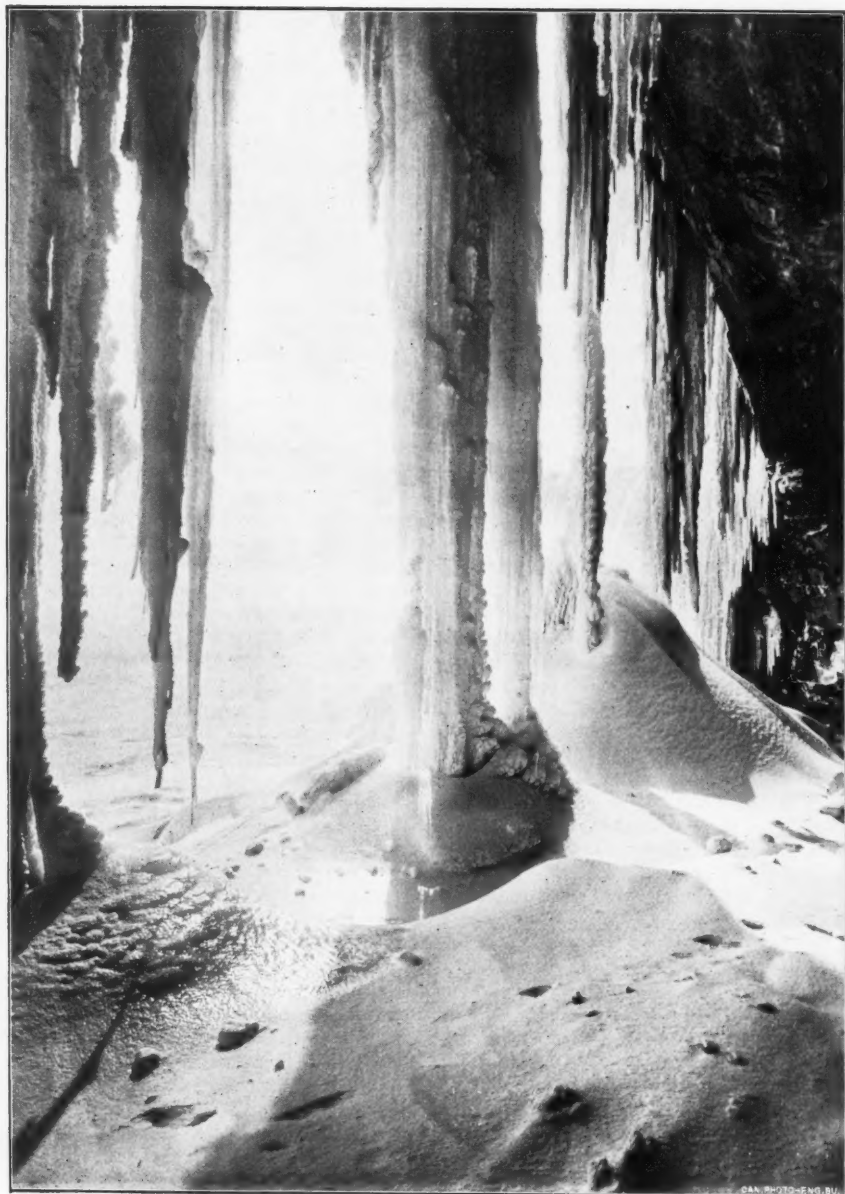
In the foregoing descriptions of the Falls we have quoted merely the prose accounts and taken no notice of the poetic ones. As a matter of fact, few poets of note (with the exception of Mrs. Sigourney, the American Hemans) have essayed the difficult task of describing them in verse. Their lyres seem hushed by the thunder of the cataract. Mrs. Sigourney, indeed, has written several very beautiful poems on the subject, and her "Farewell to Niagara," the extract from which is given below, is very fine:

"To breathe

Farewell is agony. For we have roamed
Beside thee at our will, and drawn thy
voice

Into our secret soul, and felt how good
Thus to be here, until we half implored,
While long in wildering ecstasy we gazed,
To build us tabernacles, and behold
Always thy majesty."

One wonders how one of our really great poets would have dealt with this grand theme. How, for example, would the author of *Thaliba* and *Madoc* (if indeed we can count "The Lakist" Southey among our great poets)—how would he have found words to adequately express his feelings of admiration? We know he almost exhausts the English language in telling "How the waters come down at Lodore"—a liliputian fall among the English lakes, which is to Niagara as Lake Windermere to the Atlantic Ocean. He surely would have used up not one, but many languages in describing Niagara. Of all our English poets,



FROM A PHOTO.

A WINTER SCENE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

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if we may judge from his splendid description in *Childe Harold* of the Cascade of Velino, Byron could perhaps have given the finest word picture of the glory and majesty of the Falls; as Wordsworth doubtless would have found the fittest words to convey to others the impression made by the scene upon the mind and heart, of those at least who, like himself, are "worshippers of nature."

This paper has been confined almost entirely to the consideration of the Queen Victoria Park on the Canadian side of the Niagara River. Little has been said of the sister park on the opposite side; enough, however, to show that the story of both the parks is very much the same. They had a common origin, they serve the same beneficent and cosmopolitan objects, and are conducted in the interest of the lovers of nature everywhere on much the same liberal lines. The parks are, in truth, not merely sister parks, but twin sisters, as both have their origin in the same happy and wise suggestion of Lord Dufferin. Rivals they doubtless are in the strict sense of

the word, as they occupy opposite banks (*rivi*) of the same river. But they are not jealous rivals, but rather fair and loving sisters each possessing her own peculiar and distinctive beauties, each enhancing by her presence the attractions of the other. To do anything like justice to the work accomplished by the Commissioners of the State of New York on their side of the river would require an article to itself. It is enough here to say that their annual reports to the Legislature show the energy, zeal and ability they have brought to the discharge of the important public trust committed to their care.

The Park Commissioners on both sides of the river are entitled to the hearty thanks and cordial co-operation of all lovers of nature in their disinterested and enlightened labours, and all must devoutly wish that through their united action this grand natural object may be safeguarded and preserved for all time to come in unimpaired beauty as nature made it, "for the wonder, instruction and delectation of mankind."

E. A. Meredith.

ROSES AND WINE.

THE lady with the mandolin
 Brought roses from the South,
 She filled the vase of life to the brim
 With the spicy wine of youth;
 It was sparkling and ruby red,
 And oh! she was fair to see;
 "The love of a day soon flies away,
 So drink my love with me!"

The lady with the mandolin
 Had roses in her hair;
 She led me, all by a primrose way,
 To the marshes of despair!
 And her mocking laughter it rang,
 Through the sloughs that held my feet:
 "Light love of a day soon flies away,
 But the foul may ne'er be sweet!"

With her ting a-ling a-ling,
 And her roses from the South,
 But the leaden lees of her spicy wine
 Are the ashes in my mouth!

Keppell Strang.



MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

IX.—DR. MACDONALD AND MR. J. M. BARRIE.

When one calls to mind the rapid and extensive popularity achieved by the latest school of Scottish dialect writers, one is tempted to wonder a little at the comparative neglect which has befallen a real master of that *genre*, who is still living and writing, and who began his work within the memory of the middle aged. With the single exception of "A Window in Thrums," none of the new books of its school are worthy to be compared with "David Elginbrod," or "Alec Forbes of Howglen," or "Robert Falconer." Yet not one of them has failed to find a greater vogue or to bring to its author a more swelling reputation than Dr. MacDonald achieved. Perhaps the reasons for these facts are not far to seek. To begin at the beginning, Sir Walter, who created the Scottish character novel, had made, in other fields, a reputation quite unparalleled in the history of fiction before he took broadly to the use of Scottish rural idiom, and the depiction of Scottish character in its peculiarly local aspects. The magic of his name compelled attention, and his genius gave a classic flavour to dialects until then regarded as barbarous and ugly. Then came the flame of Burns to eat all grossness out of the rudest rusticities, and in the space of twenty years at most the Auld Braid Scots wore the dignity of a language

and was decorated with all the honours of a literature. But this, in spite of the transcendent genius of the two men to whom northern literature owes its greatest debt, brought about very little more than a local interest and a local pride. Scott was accepted in spite of the idiom which he sometimes employed, and not because of it, and one can only laugh at the fancy presented to the mind by the picture of an English or a foreign reader who for the first time found himself confronted by Mrs. Bartlemy Saddletree's query to her maid: "What gart ye busk your cockernony that gait?" To this hour, indeed, there are thousands of Scott's admirers for whom the question might just as well be framed in Sanscrit.

In Sir Walter's own day and generation he had one considerable imitator in Galt, whose "Andrew Wylie of that Ilk" and "The Entail" can still afford pleasure to the reader. Then for a time the Scottish character went moribund. The prose Muse of the North was silent, or spoke in ineffectual accents. After a long interregnum came George MacDonald, unconsciously paving the way for the mob of northern gentlemen who now write with ease. He brought to his task an unusual fervour, a more than common richness, purity, and flexibility in style, a truly poetic endowment of imagination, and a truly human endowment of sympathy, intuition and insight.

It would be absurd to say that he failed, but it is certain that he scarcely received a tithe either of the praise or the pudding which have fallen to the share of Mr. S. R. Crockett, for example, who is no more to be compared with him than I to Hercules. Such readers as were competent to judge of him ranked him high, but, south of the Tweed, such readers were few and far between, for he employed the idiomatic Scotch in which he chose to work, with a remorseless accuracy, and in this way set up for himself a barrier against the average Englishman. His genius, charming as it was, was not of thatt remendous and compulsive sort which lays a hand on every man, and makes the breaking down of such a barrier an essential to intellectual happiness. There was a tacit admission that he was, in his measure, a great man, but that the average reader could afford to let him alone. And then, things were very different with the press. The northern part of this island, though active in press life, had nothing like its influence of to-day. To-day the press of Great Britain swarms with Scotchmen, and the "boom" which has lately filled heaven and earth with respect to the achievements of the new Scotch school has given ample and even curious evidence of that fact. The spoils to the victor, by all means. We folk from over the border are a warlike and a self-approving race, with a strong family instinct, and a passionate love for the things which pertain to our own part of the world. If Scotchmen had been as numerous amongst pressmen as they are to-day, and as certain of their power, they would have boomed Dr. MacDonald beyond a doubt. Such recognition as he received came mainly from them. But if only the present critical conditions had existed in his early day, with what garlands would he have been wreathed, what sacrifices would have been made before him!



J. M. BARRIE.

Apart from that rugged inaccessibility of dialect (to the merely English reader) which so often marks Dr. MacDonald's work, there is in the main theme of his best books a reason why he should not be widely popular. The one issue in which he is most passionately interested is theological. He has been to many a Moses in the speculative desert, leading to a land of promise. He has preached with a tender and persuasive fire the divine freedom of the soul, and its essential oneness with the Fatherhood of God. He has expended many beautiful faculties on this work, and his influence in the broadening and deepening of religious thought in Scotland is not to be denied. But his insistence on this great theme has naturally scared away the empty-headed and the shallow-hearted, and many also of the careless clever. There must be somewhere a fund of sincerity and of reason in the reader to whom he appeals. There is a public which is prepared to encounter thought, which can be genuinely stirred by a high intellectual passion, which is athirst indeed for that highest and best enjoyment, but it is numerically small, and the writer who deals mainly with spiritual problems, and who, in doing so, is reticent and reverent, can scarcely hope to draw the mob at his wheels. In

each of his three best books, Dr. MacDonald has traced the growth of a soul towards freedom. His conception of freedom is a reasoned but absolute submission to a Divine Will; a sense of absorption in the manifest intent of a guiding Power which is wholly loving and wholly wise. To all who are able to read him he is exquisitely interesting and delightful, and to some he appeals with the authority of a prophet and divinely-appointed guide. Along with this experience of abiding faith in him goes a dash of mysticism, of pantheism. He is essentially a poet, and had he chosen to expend more labour upon his verse he might have risen to high rank on that side. But with him the thing to be said has seemed vastly more important than the way of saying it, and he has, perhaps rightly, disdained to be labourious in the mere texture of his verse. It is rational to argue that if the poetic inspiration is not vital enough to find an immediate expression, it is not true enough to make it worth while to remould and recast it. It would seem—judging by results—that Dr. MacDonald's conception of a lyric is of something wholly spontaneous. Be this as it may, the poetic cast of his mind is revealed in his prose with greater freedom and a completer charm than in his verse. The best of him is the atmosphere he carries. It is not possible to read his books and not to know him for a brave, sincere and loyal man, large both in heart and brain, and they purify and tone the mind in just such fashion as the air of mountain, moor, or sea purifies and tones the body.

The worthiest of his successors is Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has much in common with him, though he displays differences of a very essential kind. Mr. Barrie has no such spiritual obsession as besets his elder. He has the national reverence for sacred things, but it is probably rather habitual and racial than dogmatic. I think his greatest charm lies in the fact that he is at once old and new fashioned. He loves to deal with a bygone form of life, a form of life which he is too

young to remember in all its intricacies, while he is not too young to have heard of it plenteously at first hand, or to have known many of its exemplars. Few things of so happy a sort can befall a child of imagination as to be born on such a borderland of time. About him is the atmosphere of the new, and dotted every here and there around him are the living mementoes of the old—a dying age, which in a little while will cease to be, and is already out of date and romantic. Steam and electricity and the printing press, and the universal provider and the cheap clothing "emporium," have worked strange changes. It was Mr. Barrie's fortune to begin to look on life when all the changes were not yet wrought; to bring an essentially modern mind to bear on the contemplation of a vanishing and yet visible past, to live with the quaint, yet to be able, by mere force of contrast, to recognise its quaintness, and to be in close and constant and familiar touch with those to whom the disappearing forms of life had been wholly habitual. That the mere environment thus indicated was the lot of hundreds of thousands makes little difference to the especial happiness of the chance, for, as I have said already, we can't all be persons of genius, and it is only to the man of genius that the good fortune comes home.

If there is one truth in relation to the craft of fiction of which I am more convinced than another, it is that all the genuine and original observation of which a man is capable is made in very early life. There are two very obvious reasons why this should be so. The fact that they are obvious need not prevent me from stating them here, since I am not writing for those who make a business of knowing such things. In the first place, the mind is at its freshest; and all objects within its scope have a keen-edged interest, which wears away in later life. In the next place, the earliest observations are our own, unmixed with the conclusions and prepossessions of other minds. A child has not learnt the Dickens fash-

ion, or the Thackeray fashion, or the Superior Person fashion of surveying particulars and generals. He has not begun to obscure his intelligence by the vicious habit of purposed notetaking for literary uses. He looks at the things which interest him simply, naturally, and with entire absorption. It is true of the most commonplace people that as they grow old their minds turn back to childhood, and they remember the things of half a century ago with more clearness than the affairs of last week. Lord Lytton's definition of a man of genius was that he preserved the child's capacity for wonder.

Mr. Barrie's latest book, "*Sentimental Tommy*," has not yet passed through my hands, but I gather from the common talk about it that it conveys some picture of the child and some indication of his mental growth. The story need not be historically accurate in order to be autobiographically true, and it can hardly fail in Mr. Barrie's hands to be interesting.

One of the astutest of living critics tells me that he finds a curiously *logical* characteristic in Mr. Barrie's humour, but I confess that I am not wholly clear as to his meaning. I find it characteristically Scotch, and perhaps at bottom we mean the same thing. It is often sly, and so conscious in its enjoyment of itself as to be content to remain unseen. Often it lies in a flavour of the mind, as in whole pages of "*My Lady Nicotine*," where it is a mere placid, lazy acquiescence in the generally humorous aspect of things. Here the writer finds himself amused, and so may you if you happen to be in the mood. At other times the fun bubbles with pure spontaneity, as in the courtship of 'Tnowhead's Bell, which is, I make bold to believe, as good a bit of Scotch rural comedy as we have had for many a day. The comedy is broad, and touches the edge of farce at times, but it is always kept on the higher side by its droll appreciation of character, and an air of complete gravity in the narrator, who, for any indication he gives to the contrary, might be deal-

ing with the most serious of chronicles.

As I write I have before me a letter of Mr. Barrie's, written to a fellow-workman, in which he speaks of the "almost unbearable pathos" of an incident in one of the latter's pages. The phrase seems to fit accurately that chapter in the "*Window in Thrums*" where Jamie, after his fall in London, returns to his old home, and finds his own people dead and scattered. The story is simple, and the style is severe even to dryness, but every word is like a nail driven home. It would be hard to find in merely modern work a chapter written with a more masterly economy of means than this. And this economy of means is the most striking characteristic of Mr. Barrie's literary style. It is as different from the forced economy of poverty as the wordy extravagance of Miss Corelli is different from the exuberance of Shakespeare. It is a reasoned, laborious, and self-chastening art, and within its own limitations it is art at its acme of achievement. What it has set itself to do it has done.

These two, then, Dr. George MacDonald and Mr. J. M. Barrie, are the men who worthily carry on, in their separate and distinct fashions, the tradition which Sir Walter established. In a summary like this, where it is understood that at least a loyal effort is being made to recognise and apportion the merits of rival writers, the task of the critic occasionally grows ungrateful. Nothing short of sheer envy can grudge to Mr. Barrie a high meed of praise, but I think that his elder is his better. The younger man's distinction is very largely due to a fine self-command, a faculty of self-criticism, which in its way cannot easily be overpraised. He has not Stevenson's exquisite and yet daring appropriateness in the choice of words, but his humour is racier and scarcely less delicate, and in passages of pathos he knows his way straight to the human heart. As the invention or discovery of new themes grows day by day less easy, as the bonds of the story-teller's personal originality are constantly narrowing—

the purely literary faculty, the mere craft of authorship in its fine manifestations, must of necessity grow more valuable. Mr. Barrie is a captain amongst workmen, and there is little fear that in the final judgment of the public and his peers he will be huddled up with Maclarens and Crocketts as he sometimes is to-day. But Dr. MacDonald, though he has not sought for the finenesses of mere literary art with an equal jealousy, has inherited a bigger fortune, and has spent his ownings with a larger hand. He has perhaps narrowed his following by his faithfulness to his own inspiration, but his books are a genuine benefaction to the heart, and no man can

read them honestly without drawing from them a spiritual freshness and purity of the rarer sort. There is an old story of a discussion among the students of their time as to the relative merits of Schiller and Goethe. The dispute came to Schiller's ears, and he laughingly advised the combatants to cease discussion and to be thankful that they had both. I could take a personal refuge there with all pleasure, but the critical rush to crown the new gods is a new thing, and, without stealing a leaf from the brow of the younger writer, I should like to see a fresher and brighter crown upon the head of his elder and bigger brother.

(To be continued.)

AS TOLD BY MR. DUCHENE.

WE literally tumbled into St. Maurice, Alice Hull and I, for just in front of the first house of the village the old buckboard (in which we had been driving) gave one despairing shake, and then the wheel came off on Alice Hull's side, and we rolled out together on the sand. I fell on top of Alice, and she declares she has never since recovered from the effect of that fall; but if she had fallen on me!!!—(Alice weighs one hundred and fifty, and has, I am sure, no marrow in her bones.) We both arose in rather a dilapidated condition from our sandy bed; when we straightened out crushed hats and shook our crumpled gowns, we began to think of our old French driver.

He was not far away, and, except for the utterance of one "Sacré," in a very mild tone of voice, seemed to be taking the accident as coolly as his lean horse, which was quietly nibbling the grass as if such incidents were of constant occurrence.

"Hav' to stay some time in de village till mans mak' fix de weel," said our old driver. "I know nice place to

be hat near here," he continued smiling blandly on us; "not hottel; quiet, respecable, kep by mon cousin, M'sieu Duchene; his womans hav' been to de State, an' spek de goot Anglish." In a few minutes we were following him down a grassy road towards an old house shaded by elm trees. Under the shadow of a green porch sat a yellow-faced woman who spoke to our old driver. She spoke in English, but her accent was more American than French.

Mrs. Duchene, for it was "the wif of mon cousin," smiled broadly on us, displaying teeth which were palpably false.

She was very good to us, and in spite of my conviction that that selfsame wheel came off near Mr. Duchene's mansion many times in the summer, I was not sorry the buckboard "could not be finish comforble untile nex' day."

But "nex' day" Alice was too ill to go on to Three Rivers. As she seemed feverish, I got Mrs. Duchene to call in the village doctor. We decided Alice must rest before we continued our journey.

We did not leave St. Maurice for two weeks. Alice spent most of the time in bed, or on a couch drawn under the shelter of the elms, watched and cared for by Mrs. Duchene, and enjoying her position as an invalid.

I never can imagine Alice being very ill. She says I have no sympathy, but really when one eats three saucers of raspberries and more than three slices of bread and butter at tea, besides several tiny cakes and—but I won't go on with her bill of fare; I will merely say that, after the first day or two, I was not nervous about her, and felt quite free to roam around and enjoy the old-world ways of the people of the village, and go boating on the river with Mr. Duchene, who told me in his quaint dialect many stories about his neighbours.

My kind friend's confusion of the masculine and feminine pronouns somewhat puzzled me at first, for he invariably spoke of a woman as he, and a man as she, but after a time I was able to understand even this peculiarity easily.

Refined and proper noses dislike the odour of strong Canadian tobacco; but it was a whiff of it the other day in the dusty street that brought back to me Mr. Duchene resting on his oars in a curve of the willow-shaded river, and I could almost hear his voice say, as he drew forth his pipe, "Avec votre permission, Mademoiselle." Thinking about him and his stories, as I went home, I began to fancy some one else might enjoy them as I did, so I venture to tell you this, the first of his tales; with the exception of the distracting change of pronouns, I will use his peculiar idiom.

"Tell you, yes, ole man loove talk if young woman loove hear.

"Dat widow womans dat pass by joost now, you say 'haf ver nice face, must haf story for sure 'bout her.' Well yes, for sure, she goot womans, too, marry her husban', too, when ver young, and her husban' work, at de bote build here for longue time, and den Simeon Corbeau, de husban', he loove shoot ver much, an like dat bet-

ter dan de build bote; for de l'argent not coome as quick as des enfants, or as Simeon tink she ought, at de build bote. Den Simeon say to his womans, 'I go hunt, me, far way, no nough here for goot guns like me; make lot d'argent to bring to des enfants, an to dee.'

"Josephine de womans cry for sure, 'Don't dou go, 'twill kill me, de longue winter widout dee mon homme.' Simeon say, 'I must go, me;' an' he go. An' at dat time, it am h'awful way from St. Maurice, near Les Trois Rivieres, to de Ottawa; but Simeon coome bac' all saf' and soun' for de tree year, an' his womans grow all bright wid de spring, an' all sad wid de automne, when Simeon start to go bac'.

"At dat time we haf no railroad, when de bote stop go, we hear not'ing what de people do far way, we have no letter from ver far 'cept once in longue, longue time; but not'ing coome from de Ottawa, it too longue, an too wil', and full of de bar, an de wolf.

"For sure Josephine Corbeau was 'fraid 'bout her husban' when she knew Simeon go so far, an after de tree year Simeon coome bac' no more. Den Josephine Corbeau work hard for her enfants, an' she sew de close, and wash and scrub de house, for de people.

"De Curé he h' awful kin' to Josephine, an' Josephine, she no belief her husban' ded for more dan one year go by, an de mens all say: 'Simeon ded for sure.' At last Josephine belief, an' she put on de black robe, an' never tak' it h'off.

"De young mens all say, 'M'am Corbeau goot looking,' an some of de fren of Josephine before she marry want to be fren again, an one of dem say: 'I marry you, me if you hat not des enfants.' An Josephine she say: 'I no marry you, if I not haf des enfants, for I love my Simeon, an' I am hees womans in my 'art.'

"An' den a longue time go pass, an' des enfants of Josephine grow, an' de leetle Simeon de son—Jean dey call him now—try to work a leetle for his moder, an' dey haf more of de comfor'.

"An' by an' by a pedlar man coome

longue, an' he sell tings in St. Maurice, an' he go to M'am Corbeau an' sell de comb, an' de ribbon, an' de ting de womans loove. An' he tak' Josephine, an' Josephine she say: 'You tire, bon homme, rest you here for an h' instant, an' I go, moi-même, get you de cup of milk.' An' de pedlar man he rest, an' Josephine coome bac', an' den de man he say: 'You hav' no husban' Madame?' an' Josephine look sad an' say: 'Non, monsieur.' An' de pedlar man he say: 'I know a man de same name has you, rich man, near de town where I lif;', an' Josephine say: 'You not spik French lak de Frenchman; an' de pedlar man say: 'I not French, but I learn her a longue time.' An' den he get up to go, but still he linger, an' talk an' ax question curious lak, an' stan' in de dore, an' de neebor see him, an' watch at him tru de window—for de womans is always curious—an' dey mak' message, to go pas de dore, an' wonder to each oder, 'Why de pedlar man stop so longue wit Josephine!'

"An' den de little Simeon coome in, an' hees moder say: 'Simeon drink some milk, it ver warm.' An' de pedlar man say: 'De man I know have de same name, Simeon, just h'as your son.' Den Josephine turn pal, pal, an' say: 'What do de man look lak?' 'Oh, he have de big dark eye of your son, an' de same curl hair.' An' Josephine say: 'Mon Dieu, je vous donne mon coeur.' An' de pedlar man go on, not look at her now, but out de dore, where he could see down de longue row of de corn. 'Dis Corbeau man marry goot wif a fermier womans, wid large, large ferme, lots hors an' cow.'

"'For why you tell me all dis?' say Josephine. 'You mus' coome wit me to de Curé, M'sieur.'

"De pedlar man answer not'ing, but 'ver well,' an' dey go togeder.

"De Curé look truble, an' he tell Josephine he t'ink h'it over for de nite, an' Josephine she go 'way, an' she shut de dore of her house on de neebor who come to fin' out what was de pedlar man talking about; but de pedlar man tell de story at de hottel, an' we all

t'ink de man he tell 'bout h'is Simeon, de husban' of Josephine, for sure.

"De nex day' de Curé send for de pedlar man, an' de Curé fin' out de name of de womans Simeon did marry wit, an' w'en h'it all happen, an' while dey did spik in de garden Josephine did coome an' say, she would lak to spik de pedlar man, too, an' de Curé did say: 'Dou, leaf him to me, ma fille;' but Josephine did say: 'Non, mon Père, I mus' know, I mus' hear.' Den de Curé say no more, an' Josephine hear de pedlar man, an' grow white, white, but say not'ing, an' de Curé get some whine for Josephine, but Josephine no drink it, but fin' h'out h'everything of de way to go to de place, an' dou de Curé say h'it a longue way h'off, to de haut Canada, Josephine say no word, but look at de pedlar man longue, longue, an' Josephine eye grow big, big, an' Josephine say: 'For why you tell us all dis, m'sieur le pedlar?' an' den de pedlar man look queer round de gill, de mouf I mean, an' he say: 'Because you ast me, M'am Corbeau.' An' Josephine say: 'I did not ast you, at first, but I am sure you hat some purpose, an' so I h'am sure it mus' be Simeon.'

"'We will write an' see,' said Monsieur le Curé, an' Josephine say no more but go h'out of de garden, an' to her own house, an' dat day de pedlar man go 'way.

"An' Josephine go 'gain to Monsieur le Curé, an' say: 'I mus' go an' see if dat man Simeon, or for sure my 'art break;' an' de Curé say: 'I will write, ma fille, to de place for you, an' we will see;' but Josephine say: 'Dat no use, it tak' too longue for letter to go dere an' coome bac'. I mus' go—I mus' go!' An de Curé say: 'Go den, ma fille.' An den two day more go pass, an' de peoples roun' tak' des enfants, an' Monsieur le Curé he tak' one—dere were only five—Monsieur le Curé tak' de leetle one, de bébé, it 'bout six year.

"De Curé give Josephine monies; she hab not mooch, an' den she go far, far 'way, to le haut Canada, an' Josephine go by de bote, an' de waggin, an' de buse, 'till her monies all gone, 'cept a

leetle for de food, an' den she walk a longue, longue way, an' den a fermier man tak' her, an' at las' Josephine arrive at de village, not far from de ferme where Simeon lif wit de fermier womans. Josephine she go to de hottel, an' was' an' dress herself, clean, clean, an' she go to wak to de ferme, an' she go an' arrive at one hour before douze heures, de twelve o'clock.

"De ferme was tree mile from de village, an' Josephine tire, but look wid de big eye at de large ferme house, an' de grate fiel', all so large an' big, an' de wavin corn, an' de oat, an' de wheat, an' de big brique house wid wide gallery on it, an' de curtain h'of lace in de winder.

"Josephine surprisat de lovely orchar' she haf to go tru to get to de house, an she tink of to go roun to de bac' way, but it look far, an' den she wak up to de front dore an' noc a leetle noc, an' den anoder, an' den a womans coome, an' Josephine say: 'Is Ma'am Corbeau live here?'—Josephine no spik de goot Anglish lak me, but just a leetle—an de womans say: 'I am she; I am Ma'am Corbeau.' An' den Josephine say: 'I want speke you a leetle while,' an' de womans say: 'Coom in!' an' bring Josephine into de house, an' into a fine room, an' de fermier womans say: 'What can I do for you?' An' Josephine say: 'My name Corbeau, too, lak you, an' my husban' haf been gone dis longue time.' An' de fermier

womans look kind, an' Josephine tell her de hole story.

" 'He hab work for my husban' one year an' tree monts, an' one year for me before I marries him—An' dat man is goot man—O! O! My Got, it not true!!!

" 'But you shall stay an' hear my man talk, in nex' room.'

"An' den de fermier womans go' way, an' Josephine hear step, an' soon de fermier womans an' a man coome in de nex' room, an' de man say: 'I hot, ma femme'—an' Josephine know Simeon's voice!

"An' den Simeon kiss de fermier womans, an' she give him a drink an' den she say: 'O Simeon! dere a fren' for you from your old place.' 'Where is de fren?' 'In de nex' room; coome an' see;' but de man lay down de drink an' say: 'I'm in awful hurry back to de fiel', jus' now—send de mens to medder—' 'All right, but it dinner time,' de womans say, an' den Josephine coome to de dore, an' Simeon see Josephine, an de big, strong man tremble all h'over, an' de fermier womans say: 'Is dis womans your wife?' an' den look at Simeon, an' see de truf in de face an' say: 'O! my Got!' An' Josephine say: 'You may keep dat man, I want him no more;' an' go out de dore, an 'way widout 'noder word.

"An' she coome home somehow an' lif de goot lif."

Raymond Pennaford.





THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

I.—DR. JORDAN.

HE was tall and spare, with a large white face, which looked all the whiter next his black hair. It was the kind of hair that never grows grey at the temples nor thin on the top, but it turns green or tow-coloured at the edges; for the doctor wore a wig. The village could not forgive him until its mind was set at ease by discovering that Dr. Jordan's head had been injured in a railway accident, and that the wig covered a very unsightly scar. He was always serious of speech, and grave eyed; but there was a very tender tone in his voice that won the faith of his patients. He belonged to our part of the country, had stolen apples and run races and played Hallowe'en tricks with all the boys on two concessions, and no one had a harmful word to say of him. His mother died when he was just a lad, and his poor old father quit life before John had finished his medical course. But as soon as he was qualified to hang out his modest little painted sign, home he came and opened up the old house. Old Mary Martin went to "do" for him, and a careful old body she was, and good hearted, too, if you were on the right side of her, a bit of a gossip and a bit sharp with her tongue; but we all have our faults, and she was better than a good many.

Though there were many who looked askance at a new young doctor, most people sent for him once from curiosity, and always after because he helped them so speedily and was, as women say, "nice around the house."

No one ever saw him flurried. A hysterical patient would stop screeching so she could hear what he was saying in that grave voice of his, and he would quiet all the commotion. I think most of his patients were secretly afraid of him. But you must not consider him wanting in sympathy. There are people who say he wore out three horses over our rough roads, just hurrying to those who had sent for him; and young mothers whose babies were sick or thought to be, which is just as worrying for the mothers—well, they simply could not say enough that was good of young Dr. John.

When first he came back to us, he seldom went to meeting. It was rumoured among the good folks that he had been reading too much "unsettling stuff," whatever that meant. But he became a regular church goer when little Alison came. She was three when he brought her to live at the old gray house beside the clover field. The next Sunday the little one brought him to church. His shoes were not shined, and Alison was wearing a white muslin pinafore, and her little brown curls were frizzed up all over her head.

As soon as we saw them we knew the two of them had run away, and that Mary Martin hadn't an idea where they were. After that they came every Sunday. If the doctor had calls to make, he'd just lift Alison over into the Bateses pew, and Lizzie Bates would take her home after church was out. It did a body good to see the care the solemn-faced man took of that sweet

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little thing. He'd smooth down her hair when he took her hat off, and let her go to sleep on his arm, and then, if he had to go out he'd bend over and kiss her good-bye. What trouble those kisses did make in the congregation! There were a good many of the old school Christians in our church. They couldn't help that, of course, but it does seem to me they were dreadfully set in their way. They held that kissing, being a carnal practice, should not be countenanced inside the church, and that as it distracted the whole congregation, it ought to be put a stop to, and Dr. Jordan should be notified. But, some-

how, after they'd had the meeting and everything, none of the men cared to say anything to the doctor (it's my opinion they were all ashamed to); but old Goody Thompson, who had little or nothing to do for herself being on the town, and was therefore able to devote her whole attention to the affairs of others, declared that she would tell him.

And she did; but when the rest or the old gossips asked her about it, she only rolled her eyes to heaven and wheezed out that she would "never ha' believed it of Dr. Jordan," and the opinion got abroad that the doctor



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

DR. JORDAN.

swore. It's a wonder they didn't hold another meeting over that, but the busy season had come round by then, and they were busy with their crops or their small fruit, and no one had time. In country places it is always the slack time that hatches the most gossip, and many a poor girl has been robbed of her reputation because some old woman with an empty head or some man with a foul tongue has had too little to do.

So the doctor went on kissing Alison, and everyone got used to it, till no one looked, except, perhaps, the children and the strangers.

How quickly children grow up! It seems just as if we had gone to church a few Sundays, and seen a few weddings and a few funerals, and got our old black straws trimmed up for spring a few times, and there, lo and behold! Alison was a woman grown, with lovers and smiles and those dimples. I can't believe it sometimes. That first day she came in her crumpled pinafore is so near.

She grew up pretty—Alison did. Generally pretty children don't, but we were divided as to whether she was really pretty when she was a child. It might have been her wise eyes and her soft curls and little old-woman ways that made us love her, and it is so easy to see beauty where we love folks.

I can never forget how she looked that last summer she was with us. A soft whirr of muslin followed her footsteps up the aisle, and her pretty hat with the bow of ribbon and the bit of mignonette looked well with the white gown. Alison always wore flowers, too—a sprig of syringa or a rose, and she was as sweet and fresh as they were. The doctor had flowers in his button-hole, too, and he had treated himself to a new wig and a new coat, for the coat-collar had rubbed the wig and the wig had rubbed the cloth till the edges of both were as green as could be. People thought things, it's true; but no one said anything but Jim Thompson, and the Thompsons were always free with their tongues. He said that the doctor made such a

fuss about what frolics Alison went to, and how late she stayed out and who talked to her down at the gate, that you would think he wanted to marry her himself.

There was a secret about Alison, and of course everyone had a speculation, though no one could find out for certain. There was no one who would have dared to mention it to Dr. Jordan, and Mary Martin, usually so ready to tell all she knew, had been well warned, for she held her tongue about the little baby girl her master took and treated as if she was a real little angel he was proud to entertain.

Some people thought Mary Martin might drop a hint if she was delirious, and once, when she was sick, Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith went and stayed with her. But if Mary did wander at all she was 'cute at it, for all she talked of was Dr. Jordan's old socks she was footing. I wouldn't really like to say so, but Mary's deep; and there's no love lost between her and Mrs. T. Smith, and it was rumoured around that Mary played a joke on her, and kept her handing things, and getting this and that, till she nearly ran the legs off her, and was glad to get home and have her breakfast in bed for a few mornings.

It was in late August that the trouble came to Dr. Jordan and Alison, and everyone pitied them both, but more especially him. It began this way: Tommy Duffy had been paying attention to Katie Saunders, and everyone had considered it settled. I don't know that they were engaged exactly, but the gossips had given them to each other, and the whole countryside had decided it was for the best, and when the countryside does that it doesn't like to be disappointed.

Well, Tommy came to like Alison better than Kate, and, being an honest fellow, he told Kate about it before he told Alison, which is a bit of good-intention and formality that city boys do not always trouble with.

Katie was furious, and the next day she flew down the road to spit out her nasty spite at Alison.

When Katie stopped to take breath, which was Alison's only chance to say anything, she told her that no one wanted to take her lover away, that she liked him as she did the other boys, and that she had told him so.

That roused Katie more than ever. Her temper is like fire, and she is not all to blame. She comes of hot-tempered stock, and if you go back three generations you will find the Saunders fiery and quick and uncontrolled, root, branch and bud. Well, she said things to Alison that never should have been said; but nothing maddens a woman more than to hear the man she cares for belittled. The man may have scorned her even, but no one shall scorn him. It's a queer streak, but its human nature in women.

"And who are you?" screamed Katie, "to look down on honest village boys, you who came from the city a beggar, or worse. You're a nice one to hold yourself above them. Tommy Duffy's too good for you—that's all."

"How dare you say such things," cried Alison in a tempest of tears, "I'll tell my uncle."

"Oh yes, your uncle—he's no uncle of yours—the Lord knows what he is to you. He brought you here among decent folks and Miss Goodwin's never spoken to him since, and they were most engaged before you came. Here's 'yer uncle' coming now," she sneered, moving away, "you can ask him if it's all true."

"Poor child," said the doctor, coming close to Alison. He did not ask her what was the matter. He knew she would ask him something presently and he knew just what he would say. He had said it over and over in the night, when the things of earth seem so far away, and the shadowy unreal worlds of yesterday and to-morrow so near; when our thoughts drew the spirits of those we love around us, and even the dead seem to come, but only to comfort or to cheer us.

"Tell me about my mother, uncle, and aren't you really my uncle?" she said presently.

"Your mother was a sweet, good

woman, dear, and when she was dying she was alone and poor and there was no one to take care of her little daughter. So she sent for me, and I promised to keep you safe and love you, and I have tried to be just as good as an old uncle could be." He began gravely and then ended playfully, pulling a curl at the last.

But Alison's woman-soul wanted more. She thought of things she had never heard or dreamed of, and her eyes fell a little and her lips trembled as she asked, "Where was my father?"

The doctor's face grew very stern and gray as he said, "No one knew, dear." He made a sound as if he would say more and then stopped abruptly, and just then Mary Martin called them in to tea.

Later in the evening when the doctor had gone to make some night visits Alison went out into the kitchen and shut the door.

"I knew what she was coming for," said Mary long after, "and so I just wrung out my dishcloth and set up the pan and everything, before I began, for it was a long story. She stood there waiting, and then she said, 'Tell me, Mary Martin, how my mother came to give me to uncle,' so I just began at the beginning."

"One day the doctor came out to me and said, 'Mary, I'm going to bring a little child home for you to take care of.' 'Yes sir,' said I. I'd have said it just the same if he'd mentioned a cage of monkeys, for there's never anything to say except that, when the doctor's got his long face on him. 'She's only three years old,' he went on, 'and I think you had better get one of the Bray girls to help take care of her.' I can't abide nurse girls underfoot, and I just told him I wasn't in my dotage yet, and that I could take care of one child and do for the house too, and he smiled as if to say, 'Well, well, Mary, have your own way,' which was the sensible thing to do, of course, but all men aren't so reasonable. He was turning to go, but I wanted to hear more about it, so I took a step forward and said, 'When will she be here, sir?'

" 'This afternoon,' he said, without turning, and then he wheeled round with his hands in his pockets and his head hung down on his chest, like he always walks when somebody's going to die and he has to tell their folks. 'There's no need of secrets between you and me, Mary Martin,' said he. 'I owe it to you to tell you about this child. I loved her mother, and when she married the world was all black to me.'

"Alison's face lost half the strained look at this sentence, and I knew why; but I went straight on.

" 'He treated her badly and left her poor and alone, and she sent for me. I had asked her to if she needed help, and I am proud of her confidence, and when I went away Tuesday it was to see her, and she died while I was on my way home. To-day is the funeral, and I am going to bring the little child home with me. I don't want the people mouthing over this story, so remember, Mary, if it gets about the country either one of us has told it—no one else knows.'

" 'And that's all, dear Missie, said I, except that you've been the sunshine of this old house ever since that afternoon.'

Mary wasn't much given to making a show of her feelings, but she never denied that she was crying when she had finished, and Alison threw herself into the old woman's arms and sobbed out, "How good he has been to me," and Mary answered brokenly, "Yes, father and mother and all,"—"And you, Mary Martin, you've always been so kind;" and that time Mary had nothing to say, she just patted Alison's arm, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

When Alison's next chance of a quiet talk with the doctor came she startled him by saying:

"Were you ever engaged to Miss Goodwin, and did I make any difference?"

"I was never engaged to any one except your mother, and that was when we were too young for both of us to know our own hearts."

Alison laid her head caressingly on his arm, as if she would atone for the sorrow of those other days, but her next query was widely different. "Could you spare me, do you think? I'd like to go away and learn something—I mean, to keep myself and, and pay for things, you know."

Poor Alison floundered through her sentences, for the ways of the new woman were all unknown to her, and she thought dimly of governesses and housekeepers.

"I would like to keep you here always, and I cannot bear to."

"But," Alison hastened to say, "I cannot go on this way. You have been everything, but I am poor, uncle, and poor people must work for money. They mustn't let other people do it."

And the man understood. He had no right that she could recognize, and her proud little spirit could not accept charity. But he thought of a plan.

"How would music do, Alison? Your mother was a musician, dear, and I think I would rather that you studied music."

"And I could teach, then, couldn't I?" cried the girl, and he nodded his head, and the trouble was settled for a little.

Every week Alison went into Toronto for a couple of days, and a lovely new piano came home for her, and she was very busy and quite happy again. And then presently the news went round that Alison had a lover. He came out from the city, and came to church with them, and sang with Alison, as bold as brass. It took the country-side quite a time to decide if he was good enough for her.

Mrs. Tigg's brother-in-law was a clerk in his father's office, and he said that the young fellow was "good enough, as city chaps go," which caused quite a commotion. Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith said she knew he drank and was fast, and he was dreadfully talked about, but after we found out that the Tigg's relation had been docked wages for tinkering with the cash, we thought more of Alison's beau. They were married in June, and

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the doctor gave Alison stacks and stacks of plenishing and all the trousseau he could persuade her to buy, and he sent the new piano down, too.

We all felt so sorry for poor Dr. Jordan when he came to church alone after Alison had gone. He'd look up the pew, as if he half expected to see her there when he came in, and now and again he'd turn when he liked something in the preaching; and when he was called out he'd look and half nod his head as he used to do always after she got too big to kiss in church.

Some said that now he ought to marry, but some, however, those that said it, didn't expect he would. He was the kind of a man who has just one love in a lifetime. He loved one woman—loved her married—loved her dead, and sweet Alison inherited the spirit of that love before she won her way into his heart by her dear childish sayings and doings.

He grows gentler, I think, as he grows older, and the sick ones bless

him everywhere. He looks stern, but everyone who ever saw him bending over the dying, or comforting a patient he was agonizing with medicines or treatment or examination, or crossing the hands of the dead, knows what a tender heart he had. He is good to the poor—doctors them faithfully, and never presses for the money.

And he'll sit up with a man who hasn't anyone to nurse him and gives him his medicine, and turns his pillow, and those things count when sickness and poverty and loneliness have got some poor fellow down and are tramping on him.

They say he isn't orthodox—none of the meeting-house folks know exactly what that means, but it's something wicked, and it's a shame to call such a good man names.

Dr. Jordan has not had a happy life, but it has been a good one. What it might have been lived alongside the woman he would have chosen only God can know.

Ella S. Atkinson (Mudge Merton).

AT PEACE WITH NATURE.

WEALTH will depart, consumed in its own fire;
 And fame will sometime fester of itself;
 Peace is not purchasable at marts by buyer;
 The world cannot present its paltry pelf
 At this high altar, swept by holy skies;
 Hither bring nothing but thy name as man;
 Only present thyself as Nature's child,
 And she shall fill thine eyes
 With contrite tears of holiness that can
 Revive in thee sweet conscience undefiled.

The last best refuge of our life thou art,
 Dear Nature! and thou dost invite us e'er
 To open all the chambers of our heart
 To thy wide sympathy and constant care;
 Sometime, like flow'r or leaf, however fair;
 We shall expire upon thy pillowy breast,
 Consigning all we are to thy kind hand;
 Each moment aid us share,
 Anticipatory of the final rest,
 The peace that spreads at ev'ning o'er thy land.

John Stuart Thomson.

CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

WITH this number "The Canadian Magazine" enters upon a new era, its circle of readers being enlarged by the addition of those who have been readers of *Massey's Magazine*. Its sphere of influence being thus enlarged, the value of the magazine, from a reader's point of view, has been increased. Arrangements are being made to raise, if possible, the standard of its contents and the quality of its illustrations, and it is hoped that the magazine will continue to meet with the warm approval which has been extended in the past to both *Massey's* and "The Canadian."

Continued attention will be given to Canadian subjects, and one of Canada's most prominent writers is now preparing a series of twelve historical articles which will be commenced later on in the year. This series will be the most valuable that has ever appeared in a Canadian periodical. Special pains will be taken to present historical matter of all kinds which will enable Canadians of the present and the rising generations to understand why this nation exists, and what has been the nature of its founders and its foundations. Articles on current political, social and scientific subjects are on hand and in course of preparation, while some exceedingly important literary contributions will soon appear. Short stories by leading Canadian writers of fiction will be presented in each issue, and the best Canadian art-

ists will assist in making each number attractive.

While "The Canadian Magazine" is the only general publication of a national character, it will not be conducted in a monopolistic manner. Any Canadian who has anything of merit to offer to his countrymen will find a ready entrance to its pages afforded him. Contributors will be dealt with as liberally as circumstances warrant, and no pains will be spared to make the magazine worthy of its unique position as the sole vehicle of higher Canadian thought.



HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

To a man who fights in the thick of the battle of life, holidays are a necessity. The giving, receiving and parrying of blows are exceedingly tiresome to the body and deadening to the spirit. Those who live in the cities and wage war on their neighbours for a share of business plunder bear an exacting and trying existence which those in the towns and villages and farms are not even called upon to avoid. These men are beset by strong temptations—rendered a hundred-fold stronger by this wonderful thing which we call "modern business"—which the agriculturist never heard of, and which cannot be explained to him.

Few men who are counted successful to-day are able to say, as James Lane Allen makes John Gray say: *For*

be my success small or great, it has been won without wilful wrong of a single human being, and without inner compromise or other form of self-abasement. No man can look me in the eyes and say I ever wronged him for my own profit; none may charge that I have smiled on him in order to use him, or called him my friend that I might make him do for me the work of a servant. Rockefeller and Cecil Rhodes, and the tens of thousand imitators of these great financiers, cannot say it. They find business life a battle; they fight; they become excited, and their strong blood warms; their great intellects move like high-speeded steam-engines, and the wealth and the praise of man is the laurel of their victory. They use men for their own ends, in order first to avoid being used by other men; and, second, to win such glory as this world has to give.

Holidays are the lulls in these battles. The warrior who gets away to the seaside, the lake region or to some wild spot "near to nature's heart" has his physical and mental strength renewed. More than this, he has time to think and muse and speculate; and as he looks out upon nature in her native garb he may perhaps be refilled with love for his fellowman, with sympathy, with charity, with the proper estimate of what a man may do and may become. He may regain some of the lost ideals of his youth and his early manhood, may wash away some of the spots which lust and avarice have cast upon the escutcheon of his honour. In his days of leisure he may wipe off "the smut of the heart and mind."

But not alone to men are these holidays regenerators. To the women who are wearied of the hollownnesses and hypocrisies of society, tired of the tinsel and the gold, the quiet calm, tranquil beauty and unchanging truth of nature are a great relief. It draws each nearer to the ideal girlhood, motherhood, wifehood, whichever may be hers, and sends her back to the busy haunts of men with a purity which shines more brightly amid the darkness which is always threatening to envelop our social life.

EXAMINATIONS AS TESTS.

In a circular dated "Toronto, May 12th, 1897," the Minister of Education tells the teachers of Ontario that the Annual Departmental Examinations for teachers' certificates are not to be forced on those not intending to teach; that it is not intended that High School pupils should be required to take any departmental examination in order to be entitled to promotion, and that such an examination is not considered a necessary part of any Public or High School course of study; that trustees should not judge a teacher's ability by the success of his pupils at the Departmental Examinations.

It is to be hoped that every High School teacher will pin this circular up over his desk so that he may read it every day, so that the pupils may read it, and that the trustees may read it. It is certainly a document which exhibits a wisdom on the possession of which the Minister of Education may be congratulated. Ontario has long wanted such a declaration, and the Superintendents of Education in the other Provinces should be induced to follow this example.

The Minister of Education seems, however, to be a sudden convert to this view of examinations. On March 4th, (or about two months previous) he delivered a speech in the Ontario Legislative Assembly in which he said:

Let me submit one or two evidences of the efficiency of our High Schools. Take the following as the most striking: In 1876, the High Schools of Ontario sent up only seventy-six candidates to the examination for first-class certificates, and of these 11 passed, an average of about one candidate to ten High Schools. In 1896, our High School sent up six hundred and forty-three candidates to the examination for first-class certificates, and, of these three hundred and twelve passed, or nearly thirty times as many. In 1876, our High Schools passed one hundred and twenty-four candidates for second-class certificates, or a trifle over one candidate to each High School. In 1896, our High Schools passed one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five candidates for second-class certificates, or fourteen times as many to each High School. This I consider a creditable showing for the teachers of the High Schools of Ontario.

That is: the Minister of Education himself applies a test on March 4th which on May 12th he condemns. I do not charge the Minister with inconsistency, but I am free to state that examinations have been, in the past, taken by everybody as the test of our educational system. This has been the case not only in Ontario but in the other Provinces, not only in Canada but in the United States and Great Britain. The Minister of Education in Ontario, being a progressive administrator, has seen the fault, and as soon as his hands were free has attempted to remedy the evil. For this he is entitled to more thanks than he has yet received from the public and the press.

Now let him go a step farther and abolish the Primary Examinations. Let there be no more third-class certificates, and the standard of the teaching profession and the average salary paid will soon be raised. In the past five years the total number of first and second-class certificates issued is more than the whole number of teachers employed, thus showing conclusively that primary (or third-class) certificates are unnecessary.



OUR RAILWAYS.

Canada seems bent on building railroads, and perhaps quite rightly. In the first place, they help to create an aristocracy—the thing which this country so badly needs. Railroads have been a great help in this direction in that most aristocratic of all democratic countries, the United States. Then, again, railroad deals are a necessity to enable politicians to keep the machine going; this, of course, is so clear that it does not require explanation.

Last December it was pointed out in these columns that for 16,091 miles of railroad Canada has contributed \$195,000,000. The Dominion Government has averaged \$9,369 per mile, the Provincial Governments \$1,847, and the municipalities \$881. The ratio of gross receipts to paid up capital is 5.25 to 100, instead of being, as all railway authorities claim it should be, 10 to

100. In Cape Colony the proportion of net revenue to capital cost is 5.75 per cent; in India, 4.96; in South Australia, 3.13; in New South Wales, 3.46; while in Canada it is only 1.57. This is the kind of results which makes the Canadian taxpayer nervous. It is so easy for a Government to spend money, but it is hard for the people to pay it. But up to the present time no person can claim that the Canadian taxpayer's nervousness has ever affected his vote, or that his fear that the country would never meet its obligations has ever caused him to vote against a Government which has been extravagant. If the people do not object, why should the politicians? If the master is content, why should the servant worry?

And so the merry time goes on.

If it were not for dealing with railway charters we would not be able to keep our members of Parliament busy for over 25 days in a session, and that would be under the 30-day \$1,000 limit.

But, of course, railways are a necessity, especially in a country with the population so scattered as it is in Canada. Perhaps the Crow's Nest Pass Railway and its \$11,000 per mile will be a good investment for Canada and some day the friendship of British Columbia citizens may be worth this and much more to the taxpayers of the other provinces. At any rate, the residents of British Columbia can quite justly say: "It is our turn now to hold our hat under the spout."

In this connection, the *Toronto Globe* makes an admirable suggestion. The relation between the railroads and the needs of the people is shown, and the identity of interest is clearly set forth; then the suggestion is made with regard to the C. P. R., that in order to prevent a second and competing road being built in the North-West that the people should be let in behind the curtain.

Let, say, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia be represented on the Board of Directors by independent men chosen by the Legislatures of those Provinces, whose duty it would be to report from time to time to their constituents, and who should have a voice in

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the making of western rates. The C. P. R. shareholders and the people of the west are virtually partners, but the great mass have neither knowledge of nor say in the running of the concern. There is nothing revolutionary in the proposal. As it is, Toronto appoints directors on several railway boards in consideration of the grants which it has made to them. On a railway to which the country has contributed so many millions, it is not unreasonable that the sections chiefly interested should acquire representation effective enough to let their constituents know what is being done and to keep their fellow-directors posted as to what the other half of the copartnership thinks of the treatment they are receiving.

TWO VIEWS OF CANADA.

M. Georges Clemenceau, French Statesman and editor of *La Justice*, Paris, has been giving his views on the United States relation to Cuba, in the *New York Herald*. He says :

"It is an indisputable fact that the isles in the vicinity of the American continent must come under the influence of American sentiment and ideas. It is as useless to expect that Cuba will escape this influence as it would be to imagine that the moon could escape the influence of the earth.

"In fact, Cuba and Porto Rico and the other islands of the vicinity are, if I may use the word, merely satellites bound to the American continent, and infallibly they will gravitate under her influence. It is impossible that this could be otherwise. Napoleon sold Louisiana, but do you not think that it would be absurd to imagine that had he not done so Louisiana could have been used as a sort of base from which to direct any element of French activity against the United States?

"Everything, in fact, leads the observant student to the conclusion that the American continent is an indivisible whole, and that nothing there can escape its influence. The only part which seems to have resisted the law of attraction is Canada, and there, curiously enough, it is Britishers who have struggled with a sort of vague feeling that beyond the seas there was a power to stretch out a helping hand; but, in my opinion, this question will be solved exactly as the Cuban question will be sooner or later.

"I fix no time, for human action cannot be calculated with the exactitude one would use in the solution of some mathematical problem, but this much is certain—Cuba will gravitate infallibly to the United States. Whatever the government in Washington may be, it will always have an eye on Cuba, and Cuba will always have an eye on the United States. It is absolutely impossible that Spain, or Europe either, can prevent what is almost a natural law, and sooner or later—whether it be this year or next does not affect the question in

the least—the inevitable result will be that Cuba will come under the sway of American influence.

"And it will be for the welfare of all concerned."

Here is a new "political unionist!" But Canadians may console themselves with the thought that M. Clemenceau doesn't know Canada when he talks like this, and even if he did, he would be only a small addition to a small body of believers. Canada's national life is too strong to be subjected to such an airy principle as the Monroe Doctrine, or even to the much belauded "American Spirit." Then when M. Clemenceau classes Spanish connection with British connection, he is simply ridiculous.

There is no reason why Canada and the United States should be always distinct nations, just as there is no reason why Great Britain and the United States should be forever distinct. But before either of these couples become united, each will have to change a great deal. Canada's ideal in national life is so different from that of the United States, that a union need not be considered by either the present or the next generation.

"Bystander" in the *Toronto Weekly Sun*, in speaking of the visit to Toronto of William Jennings Bryan, the defeated candidate for the Presidency of the United States, says :

"The last Presidential election, of which he was the prominent figure, created almost as much excitement here as it did in the United States, and certainly more excitement than is created here by a general election in Great Britain. Toronto watched for the returns with almost as much anxiety as Buffalo. Let the Knights do or say what they will, the plain people of Canada cannot be prevented from taking the strongest interest in that which concerns their own part of the world, and affects the welfare of their own homes."

"Bystander" is supposed to be Prof. Goldwin Smith, and this remark is sufficient proof. He mixes up "Toronto" and "the plain people of Canada" in a most daring manner. Certainly Toronto was interested in the result of that election, but it was not the plain people of Toronto who were

most interested. It was the financiers, the men who deal in United States stocks, or buy from or sell to the people of that country. The common people of Toronto do not know the difference between a Democrat and a Republican, and would be puzzled and non-plussed if the learned Professor should describe Mr. Bryan as a "Popocrat" or a "Free-Silver Democrat." The common people of Canada know still less of United States politics.

When the Professor draws the inference that Canada's greatest interest is her interest in the United States, he, like M. Clemenceau, is simply ridiculous. Canadian people as a whole were more interested in the war between Greece and Turkey, and in the Indian famine, than in any United States election ever held. They raised a large sum of money to send to India, but no one would be foolish enough to say that Canadians desire to be annexed to India. Nor would any one assert that we had any desire to be annexed to Turkey or to Greece.

Canada must always be interested in what her next door neighbour is doing, but that this is her "strongest interest" is not true, Professor Goldwin Smith to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor are Canadians, on the other hand, anxious to meet the residents of the United States, either in a gunpowder or a tariff war. A gunpowder war would mean great loss of life and property to both nations, as well as being a serious barrier to future progress on this continent. A tariff war would also be destructive of progress, and of friendly feeling. No, Canada wishes to be friendly to the United States, but neither wishes to annex nor be annexed to that country.

OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Periodical attacks are made on the office of Governor-General of Canada, the burthen of the cry being that the office is unnecessary, or if necessary is too expensive. The Governor-General that we have at present is not the cause of the difficulty, as he has cer-

tainly won golden opinions from the people of Canada. A few acts of his have been, as usual, criticized, but Lord Aberdeen's earnest desire to do what is right, just and constitutional has not been called in question. His Excellency's consort has also made a host of friends in Canada, and although her aggressive anxiety for social reform has been the cause of slight apprehension on the part of some of our most conservative citizens, her departure from this country will be sincerely regretted by the majority of Canadians.

There are, however, many broad-minded and thinking Canadians who believe that the expenditure on the office might be less than \$100,000 a year, the present cost. There are others, again, with less knowledge of the situation, who believe the office might be done away with altogether. To these, the words of Mr. Clark (Mack), the talented editor of the *Toronto Saturday Night*, may be commended:

Since Major-General Brock stepped in and acted as civil and military ruler; since Lord Durham investigated and made his report; since the day of Viscount Monck and Lord Lisgar, there has come a great change over the face of affairs. Gradually but irrevocably the Governor-General, from being the viceroy of a stubborn-minded King George, and then the colonial representative of a constitutional government at London, has passed smoothly and gently from point to point until now he is but an official convenience of representative and constitutional government here in Canada. He is the official link that unites Canada with the Empire, and the union is greatly desired by an apparently large majority of our people. If, however, a man is of the opinion that Canada should do business as an independent republic, even that man should, I think, rest content with the advances we have made in thirty years towards independence, for, in effect, we have attained complete self-government without losing a life or having one of our harbours sacked. The personality of the Governor-General is really no affair of ours. We confess no inferiority in accepting his presence, for his presence is the concession we make to the Empire in return for concessions made to us; but, being here, it is our concern to see that he does not interfere with the buzz-saw. Looking at it practically and apart altogether from sentiment, we get a Governor-General for less than it would cost to elect and maintain a

President, and there are these additional advantages: That we get the protection of the greatest navy in the world, the assistance of the finest consular service in the world, and are governed by a native Premier instead of by a native President. It is not a bad bargain for a young country, whatever its ultimate intentions may be.

THE MONTH.

The Dominion Government has decided to give the C.P.R. a bonus of \$11,000 per mile for 330 miles of a railroad to connect the south-eastern portion of British Columbia with the Western Territories. This line will run through the Crow's Nest Pass, where the C.P.R. should originally have gone, and will throw British Columbia trade still more into the lap of Eastern Canada. In return the Government gets 50,000 acres of coal lands, and a reduction on some freight rates on goods carried to and from the west over the main line of the C.P.R.

Arrangements have been made to extend the Intercolonial Railway from Point Levis to Montreal at a cost of several millions, payments to be made at the rate of \$212,000 a year. Of this amount \$64,000 is to be paid yearly for 99 years for the Drummond County Railway (89 miles in length), after which the road is to be Government property. The remaining \$148,000 is to be paid yearly to the Grand Trunk Railway for ever.

The Fast Atlantic Steamship contract with the Petersons has been approved by the Canadian and British Governments, and the Pacific Cable scheme has advanced another step. Some announcement of a definite arrangement concerning the latter may soon be made.

CHILLY.

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)



JONATHAN (who has received the cold shoulder): Waal, she may object to bein' called the Lady of the Snows, but from the "frost" she's jest gin me, darned if I don't kalkilate she'd orter be called the Lady of the Icebergs.

The Cold Storage Service over the Canadian railroads and by the Canadian Steamship lines, which the Government has contracted for, has been approved by Parliament, and already Canadian products are being transported to Britain under improved circumstances.

Alien Labour Acts have been placed on the Statute books of Canada. These regulations are much milder than those in vogue in the United States and are not likely to be troublesome.

Premier Laurier has gone to England to receive much deserved applause and to represent Canada in the Jubilee festivities. He is not yet the greatest man that Canada ever produced, but he ranks very close to the first. He has won the love and esteem of the

bulk of his followers, and the admiration of many of his opponents. As Canada's representative, his march through England will be a triumphal procession, and Canada's name and honour are safe in his custody.

The second session of the present Dominion Parliament will probably have closed by the time this reaches the public, and a remarkable session it has been. The most notable event of the session is, of course, the introduction by the Liberal Party of Preferential Trade with Great Britain, and the warm reception that the move has met with both in this country and in the Motherland. As a political expedient, it was magnificent; as a business plan, the results will decide its value.

In the provinces nothing very special has occurred except the inauguration of a new Liberal Government in the Province of Quebec. In Ontario both parties are preparing for a general election, which, however, is not likely to occur for nearly a year.



A NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., F.R.S.C., writing on "The Development of National Sentiment in the Dominion of Canada," in *The Christian Guardian*, says:

"One of the best ways, it seems to me, of developing a national sentiment in Canada, is by maintaining a sense of historic continuity with the Mother Land across the sea. Our sense of love and loyalty should not be limited by the boundaries of Canada, far spreading as these may be. It should embrace also the grand old Mother of Nations, with her forty colonies around the world. We should recognize the unity and solidarity of the British Empire in every zone. Of this Greater Britain—embracing one-fifth of the land surface of the globe, and one-fourth of its population—we form the most important part—fully two-fifths of the whole. We rejoice in the progress and achievements of our kinsfolk who have erected great cities, and develop-

ed a noble civilization at the antipodes, who are carrying the light of Christianity through the Dark Continent, who are establishing British courts and administering British justice in the wide regions stretching from Cape Comorin to the Vale of Cashmere, from the Indus, on whose banks the foot of Alexander faltered, to the banks of the sacred Hooghly.

"In all the heroic traditions of the Mother Land we have a share. In the martyr memories of Oxford and Smithfield, of the Lollards' tower and of Greyfriars' kirkyard; in the not less sacred memories of the scaffolds of Sidney and of Russell, and of the prison cells of Vane and of Argyle—in the victories of the British flag in many lands and on every sea, and in the more glorious victories of peace—the growth of her free institutions, 'broadening down from precedent to precedent,' in the industrial development and scientific achievements of the nation, and in the consummate flower and fruitage of her literature.

"Our kinsmen in the United States, I think, have done themselves and their country a great wrong by the at least partial interruption of that sense of historic continuity. In popular apprehension, and from much newspaper comment, one would think that the history of the world began with the declaration of American Independence. It reminds one of the story of the school-boy, who, when asked, 'Who was the first man?' promptly replied, 'George Washington.' 'What about Adam?' queried the teacher. 'Oh, if you are talking about foreigners,' replied the boy, 'perhaps Adam was.'

"This lack of historical perspective gives very distorted views of the past, and of their relations to it. In New England, it is true, the memory of the pilgrims and Puritans, and the growing celebration of Forefathers' Day, creates a feeling of kinship with the sturdy Puritan stock of the Mother Country, which is an augury, let us hope, of the reknitting of the ties of kinship between the mother and daughter lands. Of course, scholarly writers

like Everett and Lowell, Emerson and Holmes, though of the bluest New England blood, have always recognized the indebtedness of their national life and literature to the Great Charter and the Bill of Rights, to Runnymede and Marston Moor, and to the English Bible, to Shakespeare and Milton, to Bunyan and Burke.

"I have met even in Canada a weak and vulgar prejudice against any recognition of our share in the stirring associations of the old colonial times. The memories of the *Mayflower* belong to us as well as to the people of the United States. The traditions of Plymouth Rock and Boston Town, the moral heroism of Bradford and Winthrop, of Roger Williams and John Eliot, are common to us as well as to them. It was the sturdy New England farmers and fishermen who fought the battles of Old England against the Iroquois and the French, and who, almost unaided, effected the first capture of Louisburg and of Port Royal, and who took brave part for the Mother Country in the several sieges of Quebec.

"It has been said that the finest wheat of England was sifted for the planting in the New England colonies. If this be true, and it is true, it is also true that the best wheat of the American colonies was once more sifted, to furnish the U. E. Loyalist pilgrim fathers and founders of Upper Canada. The true history of Canada, Goldwin Smith has said, is written upon the grave-stones of these early pioneers. We should profoundly revere the memory of these heroic men who went forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went, seeking to hew out in the wilderness new homes for themselves and their households.

* * * * *

"The early French settlers and path-finders of empire in this land were a brave and chivalrous people. Their footprints are marked all over this continent in the names of mountain, lake, and stream. They held the outposts of New France against the Iroquois

and the English with valour and fidelity. Reduced to direst extremity, through neglect by the Mother Country, and the extortion of such cormorants as Bigot, Cadet Varin and others, they held the citadel of Quebec against successive sieges. The beleaguered fortress was reduced to severest straits. 'We are without hope and without food,' said an intercepted letter; 'God has forsaken us.' No shame comes to these brave men from the conquest of Quebec. On the historic Dufferin Terrace a grateful people have erected a monument in common to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep, for evermore, the solemn truce of death. The two races which met in the shock of battle now dwell together in a common fealty beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

"I believe that a great deal may be accomplished for the development of a national sentiment in our country by the twenty thousand teachers in our public schools. Canadians should be taught that they occupy the foremost rank among the self-governing peoples of the world. We have enjoyed for years a local self-government which the Parish Councils Bill of Sir Henry Fowler has only two years ago procured for our kinsmen in Great Britain. Our municipal institutions are among the most democratic; our public school system, whose foundations were laid broad and deep and stable by that stalwart Canadian, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, is of unsurpassed excellence in the world. His successor, the Hon. G. W. Ross, is doing much to develop a sturdy Canadianism.

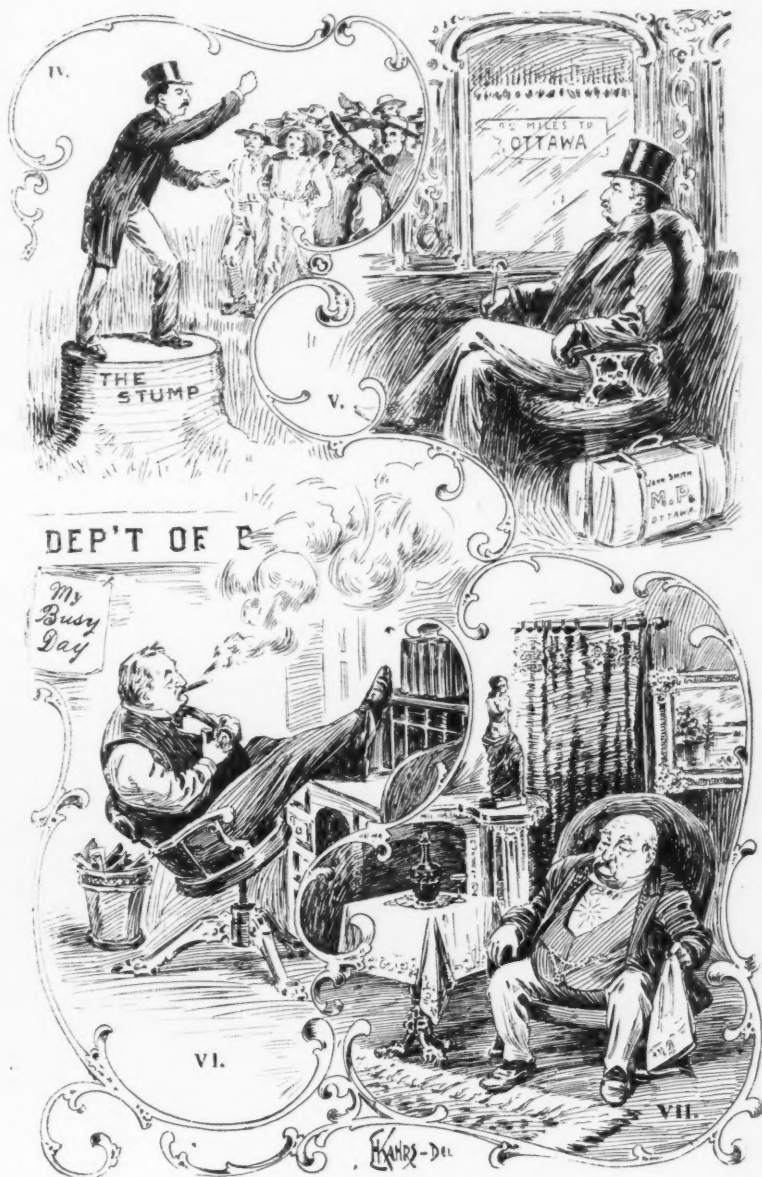
"We should make much of our national holidays, especially of the Queen's Birthday, the birthday of our Dominion, and our harvest-time thanksgiving. On these occasions patriotic addresses, readings and songs should be given in our schools and places of assembly, and patriotic sermons in our pulpits, and, above all, the motto of 'Canada first and Canada always,' should be written on our hearts."



* * These pictures are supposed to represent

THE SEVEN AGES OF JOHN SMITH.

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the history of the average Canadian politician.

LITERARY CHAT.

MR. J. MACDONALD OXLEY has just disposed of the English and American rights to his new story, "In the Swing of the Sea." It will appear first as a serial in *Our Young People*, and in the autumn will be published in book form by the American Baptist Publication Society in the United States, and by James Nisbet and Co. in Great Britain.

At the request of an eminent London manager, Mrs. Flora Annie Steele's recent great success, "On the Face of the Waters," is being dramatized. The Macmillans will shortly publish a new story by this talented writer, entitled "In the Tideway," not an East Indian story this time, but one Scotch in scene and character.

Hall Caine's "The Christian," which is now running serially in the *Windsor Magazine*, will appear in book form in the fall; also S. R. Crockett's "Lochinvar." Mr. Crockett has lately been travelling in Pomerania gathering material for his new story, "The Red Axe," which will appear first in *The Graphic*.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is reported to be still more or less of an invalid, and to be sojourning at Lucerne.

"The Half Caste; An Old Governess' Tales," by Miss Mulock, which first appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, will be published for the first time in book form by Mr. Thomas Whittaker.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has added another volume to his "History of Our Own Times," to be issued shortly by the Harpers. This, the third vol-

ume, brings the history down to the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, considerably increasing the value of the work.

The home of Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of the poem "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," is in San Diego County, California. Mrs. Thorpe has resided there for some years and is still an occasional contributor to the press.

Du Maurier's "The Martian" will be issued by the Harpers about the 1st of July.

Messrs Seely & Co. are the publishers of Mrs. Marshall's new story, "Castle Meadow." The scene is laid in Norwich, a century ago, and two famous Englishmen who were born in those parts are introduced—Crome, the painter, and Crotch, the musician.

Miss Marshall Saunders will shortly be brought before our notice again, for Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce for publication during the coming season her new book, "The King of the Park," which owes its existence to a visit made by Miss Saunders to the animals in Back Bay Park, Boston.

For such an expensive publication Nansen's "Farthest North" has had a wonderful sale, and Capt. Mahan's "Life of Nelson" is meeting with the same success, the first edition of 5,000 copies having been practically sold before it was on the market.

"Canada, Her Political Development and Destiny," is the title of an

article by Dr. J. G. Bourinot, which will shortly appear in *The Arena*. *The National Review* will also publish "The National Development of Canada" by this writer, and *The Quarterly*, an article on "Epochs of Canadian History."

Dr. William Kingsford expects to finish his "History of Canada" during the coming summer. We will then have a ten volume history of our Dominion, down to the Union of 1841.

The "School History of Canada," by Mr. W. H. P. Clement, of Toronto, which is being issued from the press of William Briggs, is almost ready, and it is hoped will supply the long felt want of a good text-book on Canadian history for our public schools.

A new novel by Mr. George MacDonald, entitled "Salted with Fire," is announced to appear shortly.

Messrs. R. H. Russell & Son have published a new book by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Cuba in War Time." It contains twenty-four full-page illustrations by Mr. Frederic Remington.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind have done Parkman, the historian, the honour of having his "Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada" printed in raised letters for the blind.

A new volume of Canadian poetry is about to be issued by Mr. George Morang, 63 Yonge Street, Toronto. It is entitled "Away from Newspaperdom, and Other Poems," and the author is Mr. Bernard McEvoy, a well-known Toronto journalist, who has long been known as a poet of more than average ability. The poem, "Away from News-

paperdom," is descriptive of the delights of Nature, and is treated under the various headings, "The Orchard," "The Bush," "The Sunsets," "The Village Street," "The River," "The Church," etc. The volume also contains a dramatic romance, entitled "Anselmo and Bernardine," and a number of miscellaneous poems, which are a good example of the author's versatile genius and insight into human nature. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, the cover and the decorations of which have been designed by Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

The Bain Book and Stationery Co., Toronto, write: "The following are some of the best selling books at present, somewhat in the order demand: Nansen's 'Farthest North,' R. H. Davis' 'Soldiers of Fortune,' Mrs. Steele's 'On Face of the Waters,' A. C. Doyle's 'Uncle Bernac,' S. R. Crockett's 'Lads' Love,' H. S. Merriman's 'Sowers,' J. C. Snaith's 'Fierceheart, the Soldier,' Merriman's 'With Edged Tools,' Ouida's 'Massarenes,' R. Barr's 'The Mutable Many,' Max Pemberton's 'Christine of the Hills,' C. G. D. Roberts' 'Forge in Forest,' and 'A. Hope's 'Phroso.'"

There is a whole comedy in the table of contents of some Canadian books. Wm. Drysdale & Co. of Montreal announce a book entitled "Camp and Lamp," which is to contain some articles on sport, several short stories, and a consignment of poetry—all from the pen of one author. The author should have added a chapter on astronomy, another giving a reply to Dr. Workman's criticism of Prof. Goldwin Smith, another on the Eastern Question, and one on Mining in Canada. This would probably increase the variety of the contents, so that there would not be a solitary citizen who could not find in this single volume something to interest him. It would be an encyclopædia on a small scale, and a rival to *The Canadian Almanac*.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS



DIFFUSENESS.

ONE lack among Canadian authors is the absence of a definite, steadily pursued aim. When they write they produce something, but it may be a poem, a novel, a short story, a history, or a political pamphlet. The works of some of our best writers exhibit a diffuseness (of subject) which is destructive of progress towards pre-eminence. This characteristic may perhaps be general with the Canadian people in other callings, but I cannot say that I have noticed its prominence.

These remarks have been induced by a glance over the titles of works of Charles G. D. Roberts. He has published two volumes of verse, a book of short stories, a volume of tales for boys, a history of Canada, the first of a series of three novels, and a Canadian guide book. Then the question naturally arises, "Is Roberts a poet, a historian, a novelist, or a literary hack?" The same question might be asked concerning Grant Allen, who began by writing scientific articles, degenerated to writing outré novels, and is now posing as a writer of guide books. Some of the lesser Canadian litterateurs have exhibited the same tendency—of dabbling in every line of work in which the pen may be used.

To ensure success a man should have but one vocation, though he may have several avocations. If he would shine as a business man, he must give his whole life to studying one class of business. If he wish to become a great lawyer, he should not practise medicine at the same time as he practises law. So with the poet; if he desires greatness in poetry, he cannot afford to attempt novel or history writing. Poetry, fiction and history are three distinct branches of art, requiring different talents for their productions and governed by widely dissimilar rules.

Young Canadians who desire to shine in literature would do well to take this matter into their serious consideration. Tenacity of purpose—which many Canadians lack—should be cultivated. A definite, single aim should be created, and pursued relentlessly, fiercely and untiringly. Success seldom comes quickly, but only after long and unending pursuit, and after the numerous and discouraging difficulties which are to be met with in every trade and profession have been surmounted.

TWO WOMEN AND TWO NOVELS.

There is one marked difference between the average European novel and the average American novel, and that is: the former shows much more careful work than the latter. American novels, including Canadian, are usually bright and often clever, but there is less depth and less polish. Richard Harding Davis' new

book, "Soldiers of Fortune,"* is an example of this, for if one reads it critically one feels that there are certain parts of it that might with advantage have been worked up more, and certain characters that are hard to understand because the author has not told us enough about them. The American people live a rather fast life, and live more for the present than for the future; so many of the best writers of this continent, urged on by enterprising and pushing publishers, turn out manuscripts which should have received a few weeks more of careful retouching.

Alice and Hope Langham are two sisters, and are daughters of a New York millionaire who owns large iron deposits in a South American republic. Robert Clay is a young engineer who, after meeting Alice Langham in New York, goes south to oversee the development of her father's mines. As the property grows in value the family go down to spend a season there, and so Clay is thrown in contact with the two young ladies. Because Hope, the younger of the two girls, knows more of technical work, is more daring, and more unconventional, Clay transfers his affections to her. A revolution breaks out in the republic, and some startling and exciting scenes follow.

Robert Clay is a wonderfully strong character and he stands forth very prominently in the tale, but Alice Langham is disappointing. One expects more and better of her than the author sees fit to allow her to accomplish, and as he does not clearly dissect her strength and her weakness, it is hard to see the naturalness of the plot. The movement is entirely too rapid in some places, and the reader is left to supply more than can reasonably be expected.

The drawings by Charles Dana Gibson are beautiful—too beautiful to be realistic or truthful, the characters being too much idealized. The illustrations are certainly artistic, but are more like New York drawing-room pictures than realistic portraits of people who are living in a South American Republic.

There is, however, a playful humour running through the whole book which, added to its exciting incidents, must render it one of the popular stories of the year.

James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible" † has also, as its leading characters, two women and two men, and the affections of the man are placed first on one and then on the other. The book is, however, much stronger than "Soldiers of Fortune," and the reader can be reasonably expected to follow the course of events without a mental strain. The reader is not asked to fall in love with Miss Amy Falconer and then transfer his affections to her aunt as John Gray did, for the author very properly keeps the reader neutral in the first half of the story. Speaking of Mrs. Falconer, the New York *Tribune* says: "But for her own sake she is not so impressive, and Mr. Allen leaves us with a sense of dissatisfaction." On the contrary, I felt certain when I had read all about her that I understood it all, and I was perfectly satisfied—much more satisfied than when the "Soldiers of Fortune" was finished. Still, as natures vary, so must the dicta of the book reviewers.

John Gray is a strongly delineated character, but I think the charm of this book is really in its handling, its art, its style. There is nothing ordinary about it because, unlike many other American novels, it deals with the emotions, the *motif*, the spiritual side of man's life. For example:

It had happened to him also, that with this reflushing of his blood, there had reached him the voice of summer advancing northward to all things and making all things common in their awakening and their aim.

He knew of old the pipe of this imperious shepherd; sounding along the inner vales of his being; herding him toward universal fellowship with seeding grass and breeding herb and every heart-holding creature of the woods.

* New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† "The Choir Invisible," by James Lane Allen, author of "Summer in Arcady," "A Kentucky Cardinal," etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Tyrrell's Book Shop.

A second landscape had begun to beckon : not like his poor little frost-killed fold, not of the earth at all, but lifted unattainable into the air, faint, clear, illusive—the mirage of another woman. And how different she ! He felt sure that no winter's rasure would ever reach that land ; no instability, no feebleness of nature awaited him there ; the loveliness of its summer, now brooding at flood, would brood unharmed upon it to the natural end.



A BOOK OF HUMOROUS TALES.

Those who are not acquainted with the wholesome, good-natured humour of Frank R. Stockton should read his new volume of short tales, entitled "A Story Teller's Pack."* It is very generously illustrated, and altogether very entertaining. Some of the stories have appeared before, but most of these are worth another reading. "Captain Eli's Best Ear," the tale of two retired sea-captains who were keeping bachelors' halls, and who got up a 'Xmas tree for two widowed ladies, is very bright. "The Magic Egg," a tale of some hypnotic experiments and their results on two lovers, is decidedly fantastic. Mr. Stockton is a story-teller pure and simple, but at the same time he can occasionally embody a deep moral in a bright tale, and he does it exceedingly well in "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas."



EARLY SETTLER STORIES.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood lives in Illinois and sees in its people and its history a hundred times as much as most people see in that of the province or state in which they live. In her new book, "The Spirit of an Illinois Town,"† she has combined two stories, one of the old regime and one of the new. The former has a Frenchman of the seventeenth century, "The Little Renault," as its leading character, and Francis Parkman, historian, as its inspirer. The latter is a tale of early land-grabbing and booming life in a new town of the present period. The tales are bright and life-like, the author now breaking out into humour, and again sobering down into human pathos. Neither stories are startling, but both are really good, and as the *Philadelphia Telegraph* says: "Mrs. Catherwood has a most decisive talent."



THE STORY OF A CHILD.

Child-nature should be developed, and yet how few people know anything about that development ! A child's moral nature is supposed to be developed in the same way as its spiritual, *i.e.*, by teaching it the ten commandments, and because people believe this fallacy the world has many inhabitants whose moral and spiritual natures are weak. Then, again, every child is supposed to be of the same disposition, and children are taught at home by families and at school by classes. These thoughts and many more are suggested by a recent book entitled "The Story of Mollie," by Marian Bower.‡ The book does not contain a single principle set forth *per se*, but it does in a most pathetic and touching way show how a sensitive child-nature may be misunderstood and injured. No mother can read the book without being much benefited by a singularly clever tale setting forth the trials and pleasures of one child's life.



SOME CANADIAN BOOKS.

"Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell" is the title of a memorial volume of considerable interest to Presbyterians in Ontario. The work (William Briggs,

* Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co. Paper, 75 cents.

† By the author of "The Lady of Fort St. John," "Olk Kaskaskia," etc. New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

‡ Boston : Roberts Brothers.

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Toronto) is edited by Prof. J. F. McCurdy, of the University of Toronto, and contains a selection of sermons and prayers by the eminent divine. It also contains an account of the celebrated trial to which, in 1875 and 1876, the reverend gentleman was brought because he had some doubts as to whether the future punishment prepared for mankind was everlasting. This trial, and several similar ones, have proved quite conclusively that the same rule applies in Canada to both religion and politics, and that is, you must either think as the party (church) thinks or get out.

"Victoria Diamond Jubilee History of Canada" is a comic history with sufficient fun in it to induce a few broad laughs. It is published by G. M. Rose & Sons, Toronto.

"Polson's Probation" is a story of Manitoba by James Morton (Toronto: William Briggs). Two Englishmen are heirs to an estate, but one has it left to him by a will with a condition attached that he shall have a spotless reputation for five years. He comes to Manitoba to spend the term, and is followed by the other, who desires to cast a blot on the career of the first. The plotter succeeds at first, but, of course, the hero clears himself, the usual young lady having appeared. The story is rather tedious, but has some merit.

Another book about the same province is entitled "Manitoba Memories: Leaves From My Life in the Prairie Province, 1868-1884," by Rev. George Young, D.D., founder of the Methodist Missions in the Red River Settlement. In his prefatory the author apologizes for the appearance of the work, saying that he "would not have done it" but for the request of friends. When the author apologizes, what shall the reviewer do? However, the book, in spite of its crudities, contains much valuable matter which future Canadian writers may utilize, and is written in a style which while not purely literary will be acceptable to a great many Canadians. Dr. Young has seen some stirring events in the building up of the Prairie Province, and describes some of them exceedingly well.



TWO VOLUMES OF POETRY.

Readers of this periodical will welcome the dainty volume entitled "Estabelle, and Other Verse," by John Stuart Thomson, a former resident of Montreal but now of New York, and a valued contributor to "The Canadian Magazine." His poems are marked by the polish which the great artist bestows upon his work, and his thoughts are always worthy of the language in which they are clothed. One cannot read his productions without feeling that the author is a man of refinement, with a well-developed spiritual nature, and an extraordinary sense of the beautiful and the majestic in nature. He is essentially a nature-poet, a man who wanders hand in hand with the spirits of the flowers, the fields and the woods, converses with them, and learns secret pleasures of which the flinty, narrow, money-grabbing individual knows nothing. One or two of his poems are in the form of dainty stories, but the great majority are nature-poems.

There is one thing about Mr. Thomson's poems which is somewhat remarkable; though he seems supremely pleased with the world, he has no hope. The tone of his thoughts would seem to be "the present," not "the future." One might have expected an expression of it in "The Vale of Estabelle" where Alice Brown dies and is buried, but all that is said is in these two couplets:

I linger in the village still; I cannot go away;
I walk the ways alone at eve; sometimes I pause and pray;—
It is not much I say of her; I say it very low;
But somehow it is sweet to think, "Perhaps the spirits know."

There is plenty of life, but nothing seems filled with the promise of the future. For example again:

The orchids droop in varied bloom ;
Nectareous dew distil at eve ;
Ah list ! in the wide hallowed gloom,
Methinks the ancient spirits grieve.

Yet there is nothing morbid about the contents of this volume. Perhaps the poet's nature is essentially descriptive, is at peace with the world and is lost in admiration of its beauty. One of the prettiest pieces of description is:

CHATEAUGUAY VALLEY.

Fair vale of Chateaugay, refulgent !
Thy daisied lawns and slopes, indulgent
Of dreamy ease and careless sleep.
I oft recall the days of haying ;
The sprightly blue-eyed maidens Maying ;
Thy brooks where silv'ry fishes leap ;
Those rock-bound fountains,
Cool, in the mountains,
I thirst for ; and I miss thy hill-paths steep.

I know a lofty pine that shaded
A fleet of plantains, arrow-bladed ;
A cove where golden lilies flow'r'd ;
And in one secret hollow only,
The pink arbutus bedded, lonely ;—
And when the genial spring-time show'r'd,
A wood-thrush listened,
Where rose-leaves glistened
About his downy nest with sprays embow'r'd.

Canada has much to hope of Mr. Thomson ; perhaps before long he will be classed among our few leading verse-writers—if he has not already attained that honour in the minds of many people who are judges.

Another volume of verse from the same publisher, William Briggs, is of a very different character. It is "The Lion and the Lilies," by Charles Edwin Jakeway, a man whose one theme is the deeds of Canadian heroes. It is certainly a magnificent theme, but if played upon too much is like a harp with one string. "The Lion and the Lilies" is a long poem divided into six cantos. The remainder of the volume contains a number of shorter pieces, some of which are quite familiar to Canadian readers, "Pontiac at Home," "The United Empire Loyalists," "Capture of Fort Detroit," "Death of Brock," "Death of Tecumseh," "Laura Secord," and a few general poems. Dr. Jakeway's patriotic utterances will be re-read at this time with much pleasure by the great majority of Canadians, whose sentiments are the same as the stripling's, who exclaimed:

I have donned my suit of armour for my country and my Queen,
And I hope to be as valiant as my good grandsire has been.

and the same as the answer:

Oh, I trust, my darling grandson, that the time will never be
When our beauteous young Dominion shall have need to call on thee ;
But I know that to the summons you will answer without fear
When the drum-beat calls to battle each Canadian volunteer.

Dr. Jakeway's poetry may lack some of the elements which characterise artistic verse, but his sentiments lack nothing of the elements which should mark every true Canadian citizen.



FROM A PHOTO.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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